

September 1918

PUCK

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Such a combination of quality in appearance and capabilities has never before been attained in automobile construction.

Few cars approach the ReVere for external beauty and design—none surpasses it—while no expense has been spared to adopt the most advanced ideas in mechanical construction of Europe and America.

The most discriminating motorist will feel great pride upon owning a ReVere and will enjoy the security that, under any and all road conditions, it will perform like the thoroughbred it is.

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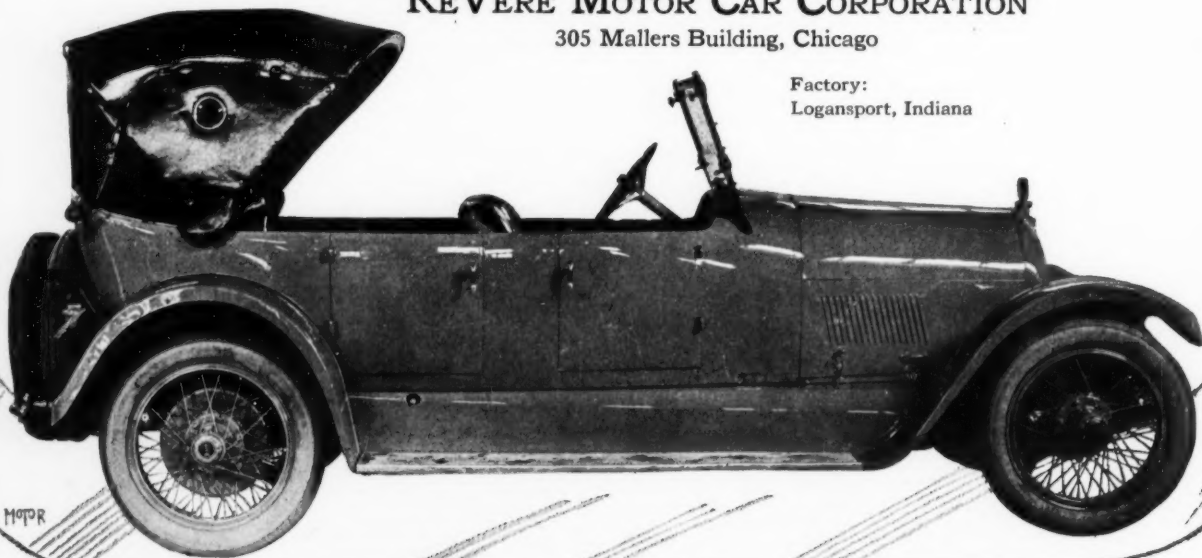
Built in four models, Sport Style, Roadster, Four Passenger Touring Car, Seven Passenger Touring Car, Five Passenger Limousine.

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Flabby gums—the cause of loosened teeth



30c and 60c tubes All Druggists
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THE gums are the first line of defense for the teeth. Without firm gums teeth cannot be sound. And tender, inflamed or flabby gums become positive sources of vital danger.

The spongy gum surface invites the seepage of decay-food germs into the system.

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Use Forhan's daily and have no fear of tender gums, the first stage of Pyorrhea. Nor of dangerous tooth loosening, which accompanies Pyorrhea. Nor yet of prematurely flattened lips, which are the certain result of Pyorrhea.

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Forhan's will also scientifically cleanse your teeth. They will feel particularly smooth after using Forhan's.

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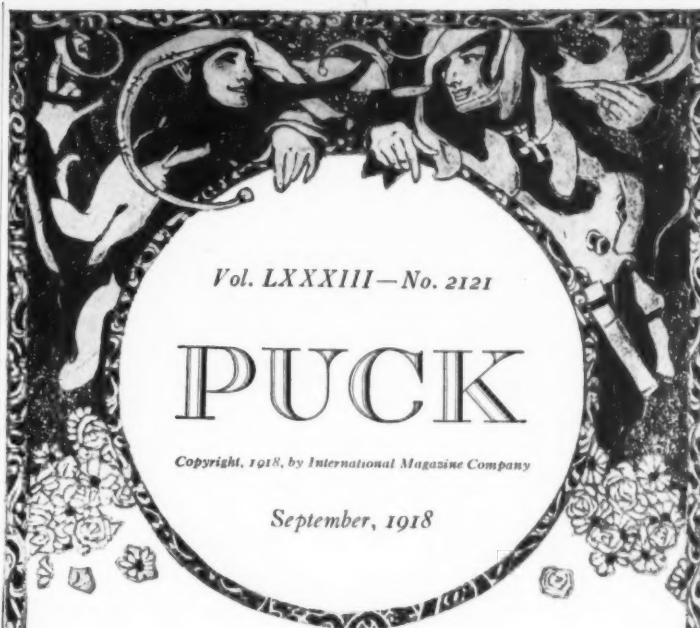
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 illustrated catalog

PUCK PRINT DEPARTMENT
 119 West 40th Street New York City



Vol. LXXXIII—No. 2121

PUCK

Copyright, 1918, by International Magazine Company

September, 1918

"Praise from Sir Hubert"

SIR HUBERT in this instance being plural, and made up of many kindly critical readers who have found in the new Puck a fount of fun, a source of humorous inspiration, and, in short, the one new note in American satirical literature.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR PUCK:

I cannot resist the desire to compliment you on your magazine, which I read through today for the first time.

"Soft Answers to Hard Questions" is one of the most prolific laugh-provokers I ever read. With best wishes for Puck's future.

Yours very admiringly, M. G.

H. M. S. EMPRESS OF INDIA.

DEAR PUCK:

If I wanted to I COULD brag ABOUT WHERE I am WHEN I'm writing this . . . (as K. C. B. says in your May number) but the censor forbids it. However, he does not forbid us to brag about Puck. Perhaps the photographs appeal to us most, though we draw great relish from the drawings. . . . "Soft Answers to Hard Questions" have time upon time caused a merry chuckle to break from our lips.

C. E. L., Midshipman, R. N.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

DEAR PUCK:

Just a note to let you know that we have had many a smile from Puck in our mess.

I am an officer of the Royal Navy (North Atlantic and West Indies Squadron) and wherever we go, we always locate Puck to take back on board, as it seems to have just enough spice and zip to brighten us up and give us a grin.

I am not only expressing my appreciation, but the appreciation of all my wardroom companions, of your invaluable joy-producer in the form of the new Puck.

Hoping you every success in your worry curing campaign, I beg to remain

Ever your appreciative critic, L. V. S.

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

DEAR PUCK:

Permit me to say that I muchly enjoy different contributions to your lively publication, particularly the lovely "Miss Puck" done by Michelson. . . . The Stars of the Stage is also a very fine feature; in fact, I might say your periodical has the others beaten a mile.

Keep up the good work for it is appreciated by
 Yours very truly, F. J. H.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President
 JOSEPH A. MOORE, VICE-PRESIDENT JULIAN M. GERARD, Treasurer
 W. G. LANGDON, Secretary, 119 West 40th Street, New York

15 cents a copy \$1.50 per year

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Easily done. And its occasional use keeps superfluous hair away for long periods. Nothing safe removes hair permanently.

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The secret of a youthful face will be sent to all women who see their beauty vanishing or who have facial lines, wrinkles, or other disfigurements caused by age, illness or anything else.

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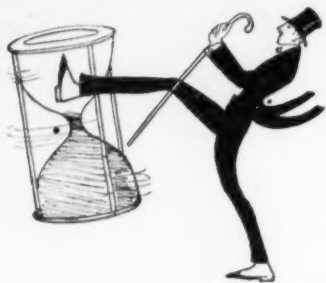
which remove lines, "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth and clear up muddy or sallow skins without the use of cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments, or other artificial means. The Kathryn Murray Method will show you how five minutes daily with these simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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And you can't tell age by the calendar — for a man is as old as his hair is thin.

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This old remedy, known to barbers and druggists from coast to coast under the name of Glover's Mange Medicine, is invaluable for driving out dandruff and stopping falling hair.

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PUCK PRINT DEPARTMENT
119 West 40th Street, New York



THIS handsome fellow is a mental Bolshevik—ready to hurl a conversational shell into a friendly gathering.

He doesn't fear to enter a roomful of the dullest, dreariest and most pessimistic diners and explode a few well-chosen witticisms.

He reads each issue of PUCK.



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Price \$5.50
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"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the

Morley Phone

"I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. 'The Morley Phone

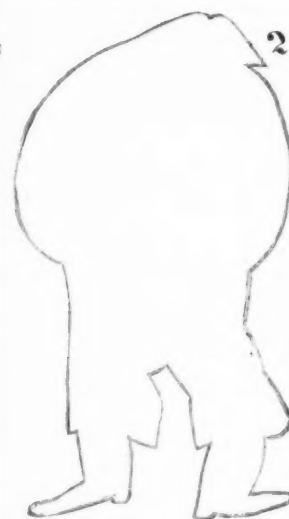
for the Deaf

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 781, Perry Bldg., Philadelphia



Write for booklet and testimonials



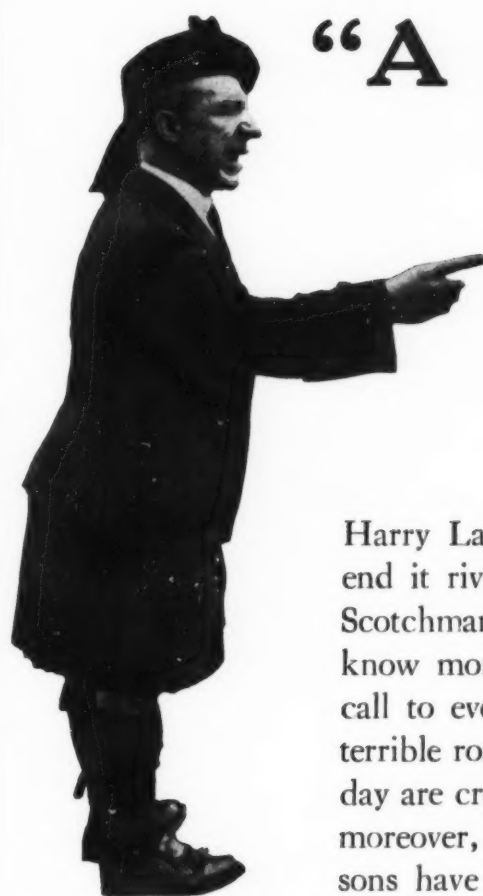
THIS gentleman would like to be a mental Bolshevik—he wants to brighten the conversation with a few good ones, followed by explosive laughter.

But he hasn't any epigrammatic bombs, or fizzing ideas, or stories rich with fun.

He's just an empty outline—he hasn't yet subscribed to PUCK.



HARRY LAUDER'S GREAT BOOK



"A Minstrel in France"

"The Best Selling Book in America"

The tragic side, the pathetic side—all of it—seen through the eyes of one of the world's greatest artists, a patriot and a father, whose only son fought and died for the cause of liberty.

Harry Lauder's book thrills the reader. From beginning to end it rivets attention. In the narration of his story the famous Scotchman has a great purpose. He writes so that America may know more of the meaning of the war, its costs, its agony, its call to every one of us, from voices mute as well as from the terrible roar of guns, to prepare to face the shadows which every day are creeping nearer to our homes and our firesides. He has, moreover, a message of comfort and good cheer for those whose sons have been summoned to the camps or the fighting line.

EVERYONE WHO HAS A SON
IN THE SERVICE, ANYONE WHO
HAS A FRIEND IN UNIFORM
WILL FIND COURAGE AND
INSPIRATION IN HIS RINGING
WORDS OF PATRIOTISM AND
FAITH.

"All for the Cause"

"My impressions? Yes. Listen. I was feeling the pulse of the war over there; that was my impression, seen by these eyes, heard by these ears. You will find it all in my book, 'A Minstrel in France.' Be sure to read it. That is my request. It is all for the cause."

HARRY LAUDER.

From an interview in the
Brooklyn Citizen.

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Mere man may well withstand the lure of femininity in overalls, but once she returns to the dimity and poudre-de-riz of Peace, bang! goes all his nonchalance, all his boasted liberty of thought and action, and again he becomes the silent worshiper at Beauty's shrine.



Our tailor will no longer believe that "the war has ruined business." We'll have to dig or go threadbare.

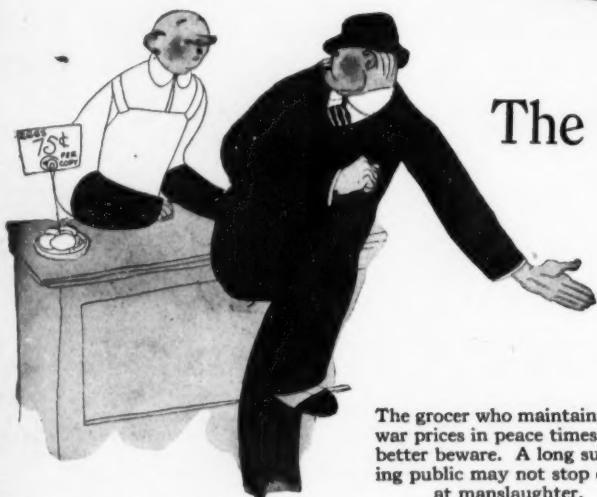


"All my ready funds go into W. S. S." will fall flat as an excuse for dodging the trifling assessment for damages levied by the ever-polite garçon.



The trip across will again resume its one-time boredom—with the only pretty girl aboard laid low by mal-de-mer.

And poor Sammy! From Paris to Medicine Hat, Montana, is a long and painful trek.



The grocer who maintains his war prices in peace times had better beware. A long suffering public may not stop even at manslaughter.

The Horrors of Peace

by
RALPH BARTON



What Fools These Mortals Be!

by B. L. T.

IN these parlous days it behooveth all vigilantes and other alert patriots to keep one eye and one ear open for Schmidt the German Spy. And so when we observed a pair of individuals holding earnest converse in an eddy of the stream of pedestrians, we edged up to them just in time to catch the words "easy" and "blow up." Although we detest eavesdropping as the lowest form of animal activity, we smothered our aversion from a sense of duty, and lighting a meditative seegar with a nonchalant thumb and forefinger, we edged a little closer. So occupied were the conspirators in their iniquitous talk that our stealthy approach was unnoted, and presently we got near enough to hear: "Whaddayou think of that! To blow up on that easy hole! If I'd taken my mashie I'd 'a got over the bunker easy, but—" "Oh, hell!" we vocalized, and went about our business.

"Former Quincy Man Now Getting Ahead."

—Quincy, Ill., Journal.

As George Ade said about the people who "came from Indiana," the brighter they were the quicker they came.

When the Ford Hit a Hole in the Road

[From the Owensboro Inquirer.]

Lost—Upper set of false teeth, one mile above Maceo on Lewisport road. Reward for return to Mike Gordon, Maceo, Ky.

Speaking of the Wheat Crop

"Better Weather Causes Easier Feeling in Corn."

—Denver Post.

For this relief much thanks, as Hamlet observed, adjusting a fresh plaster.

"According to all report, Fred Gafke has the largest corn of any man in the town of Beloit."—Wisconsin Item.

It is said that two men can step on it.

"**H**AVE censors," a correspondent asks us, "any sense of humor?" And he mentions a letter from a soldier in a hospital in France: "I am wounded but happy. I sent three Huns to hell before they got me." The censor drew a blue line through the second sentence, and wrote on the margin, "Against army regulations to publish information about the location of the enemy." Answering our friend's query, we should guess that the censor was seeking to be jocular.

"Beautiful, airy room; twin beds; one of them with hot plate."

Detroit News.

Summer, alas! is on the wing!

VISITORS to Los Angeles are reminded daily, by the Times, that the name of that incomparable city is pronounced "Loce Ahng-hayl-ais." Which reminds one of the phonetic possibility of spelling potatoes: "Peauxphtheighptoughze."

NO machine of steel is so complicated as the human body. It will stand more wear and tear than the finest automobile engine. Even the annual vacation sets it back only two or three days.

"Failed suddenly and died without medical aid."

—Hot Springs News.

Not knocking the medical profession one-tenth of a scintilla.



Drawn by
NELL BRINKLEY

ACCORDING to a schedule agreed on by the barbers of Bryant, S. D., a single bath now costs thirty-five cents. The thrifty natives are considering meeting the advance by doubling in the tubbing.

France celebrated our Fourth of July, and we did as much for Bastille Day. How about Guy Fawkes? Can't we do something for him?

A Certain Public Man

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day has one.
But say, when it comes to I's,
I've got 'em skun.

NEWs, excepting the war variety, is so scarce these times that space is given to the fact that a caddy found a pearl necklace on the links. Now, that is comparatively unsensational. If he should find the ball you sliced into the woods, the incident might be worth recording. Caddies that find balls may exist in Scotland, which, as Mr. Dooley once remarked, "has given nawthin' more cheerful to the wuruld thin th' game of goluf, with th' exciption maybe iv th' theory of infant damnation."

In Which One Word Leads to Another

[From the Quincy Whig.]

TO those boys who are farm bred Miss Dayton recalled those great, gorgeous, glorified, black butterflies that suck sweets from clover blossoms. Dressed in black with abbreviated skirts of slight and flimsy stuff with only a pink bandolier for color, Miss Dayton drifted out in the center of a circle of eager spectators like froth from a brook in flood. Scarcely ever touching her dainty slippers to the floor but balancing on pointed toes, clean cut and sharp as the bayonets the soldiers must yield, the agile dancer furnished an entertainment that received a tremendous ovation. Three times the plaudits of the crowd called Miss Dayton back. Three times with grace and skill and trained agility she pleased those who watched her airy steps. When she ended the applause paid tribute to her effort to please.

"Circular Clerks Wanted," beseeches an ad. Only all-round men need apply.

OUR slogan advice, "Clothes will win the war, girls—don't wear 'em!" is being followed in spite of the coolish summer. We desire to call special attention to a patriotic lady of Decatur, Mich., Mrs. Lyle Goodenough. Nothing more flossie for the duration of the war.

"The up-to-date automobile Pullman with birth and diner are coming."

—In the Motor World.

Preparing the unsuspecting public, ventures a waggish correspondent, for the advent of a travailing lying-in hospital.

Defense Probably Claimed that the War Started in August, 1914

[News Item.]

The Boston Elevated has been sued by Elizabeth N. Norton of Cambridge. She alleges that on August 7, 1917, while a passenger on a car, she was severely injured owing to the sudden starting of the war.

"Curfew Will Blow Tomorrow Night."—Iron River (Mich.) Reporter.

Imagine the fix of an Iron River heroine who should resolve that "Curfew shall not blow tonight."

The Country Gentleman's Guyed

Compiled by ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

SEPTEMBER

Lucky Stone for the Month

The Touch Stone, denoting temporary prosperity; deemed unlucky save to the one possessing it; the Orientals attribute to it hypnotic influences; in Gotham it is openly worshiped by the female population.



The month's smart attire for country club wear. It will be noticed that scandals have replaced high shoes as fashionable footwear.

Horrorscope for Country Ladies

THE Native is of amiable disposition when roused; has a good eye for color and a natural *flaire* for temperament and perfume.

She should never begin any important work under the signs of Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Pisces (and what the deuce are the other two signs?).

The star "Elder Baron" is much revered by the females of this sign. The Native is born tired and the affliction continues through life. An inordinate desire to please is completely balanced by a conviction that this end has already been accomplished.

September Children command service—and sometimes get it. They are patient and forgiving when not crossed; are inartistic, seldom knowing where to draw the line.

The September Female should cultivate orchids, repose and Sunday teaze.

September Activities

LOOK over the suckers—a clean-up should be made before cutting in for the Winter Season. Prepare for the Winter Garden. Polish up the glasses to be used.

It is now that the Alibis planted in June begin to blossom. Guard them against early frost.

One should not call attention to the beauties of the obscenery.

If you wish to obtain your neighbor's goat, permit your kid to wander over the adjoining premises.

See that the bins are full, and eliminate the has-bins.



Sport suit for boudoir wear—note the delicate sub rosa motifs. The cowboy in the background is wearing the new knee-length chaps.

THE Month of September is a corruption of Sept, or seven, and embers, or coals, and is held by students to indicate the number of coals per capita obtainable by the inhabitants of the Intemperate Zones for their winter supply. Other authorities hold the meaning to be "seven tempers," but give the double or esoteric derivation as of the same import.

Precious Thought for September

"In the Kingdom of the Blind, the one-eyed man is suspected."

—Bitter Truths; SOAR OF DAMPHOOR

Prophecy for September

"When the Wells of Al-Kohol shall have dried, then shall the people rent their dress raiment, and they of Jazz* shall depart thence from the sousetops.†

*A town in ASS-EAR-IA famous for its curious custom of prohibiting any resident to play upon a musical instrument.
†Vernacular, meaning roof-gardens.

Kitchen Garden of Verse

WHEN we turn to gardening
For the pleasure of the thing,
Because it is so gushingly romantic—
Then we love to call a rose
By a name nobody knows,
And allude to simple cabbage
In a language most pedantic—
Then you speak of *arboentem*
Just as though you thought you meant 'em,
And of *lilium bloomeratus* in a row;
All the while the perfumed breezes
Sound like fabulous diseases,
As o'er the garden names they freely blow.

Ah, alas! 'Twas in a garden long ago
That there blossomed all the misery we know,
Yes, alas! 'Twas in a garden
When the serpent said, "Beg pardon,
"Can you tell me where the ruddy apples grow—
"Where I'll find the multifloria
"Oregonia pommedoria?"
Yes, he found them—and our troubles started so.

The Month's Fairest Flower

The Corn Flower, selected by Mr. Hoover as denoting abstinence. In the South, the Corn Flower (*poncis vulgaris*) is held in high esteem, especially among those of color.



Mere man had been forced to enlist with Milady in the Campaign for the conservation of materials. Skirts—and shirts—will be higher and fewer.

Horrorscope for Country Gentlemen

THE Native is of sanguine temperament—almost too blooming optimistic—and inclined to golf and oratory. He should never choose a Pisces, or fishy, mate.

He will never be brought to the bar, but frequently from it. He should avoid water, and possess a pleasing manor.

The stars indicate a nature often under the immediate influence of spirits. Venus is his malefic planet, especially with the moon on the starboard bow.

The trine of Taurus and the serious Dog Star indicate a potential success in raising French Bulls.

The September Male will marry in the early twenties and will begin to lodge complaints against his wife's millinery bills in the early thirties. He will continue to pay them, if lucky, until late eighties.

Seasonable Hints

UNLIKE the comb, the toothless rake possesses possibilities.

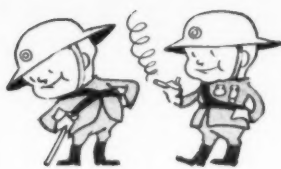
Call a spade a spade—and await developments.

If widow's weeds appear in your neighborhood, take every precaution. The pest is most persistent, returning year after year, until somebody digs up.

The days are growing sensibly shorter—the evenings appreciably less sensible.

Always bail hay. Water on the hay is unpleasant when hitting it.

Shock the corn. Your guests may be depended upon to do this daily.



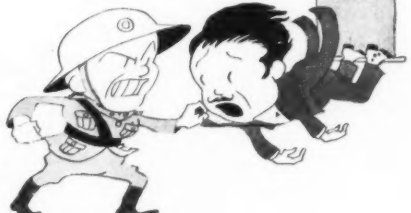
On the Other Hand

by K. C. B.



AFTER THE war.
WHEN THE BOYS come home.
ALL COVERED with medals.
FOR BEING brave.
THERE'S GOING to be one of them.
WITH A LOT of medals.
AND some night.
WHEN HE'S running around.
HE'S GOING into a restaurant.
AND IS GOING to sit down.
AND ORDER what he wants.
AND AFTER he's through.
HE'S GOING right out.
WITHOUT LEAVING anything.
FOR THE affluent gentleman.
WHO PAYS some kid.
ABOUT FOUR dollars a week.
FOR CHECKING the hats.

AND SOME day.
THERE'S GOING to be another one.
AND HE'LL keep going around.
FOR WEEKS and weeks.
TO THE New York theatres.
LOOKING FOR some seats.
ABOUT THREE rows back.
AND ALL the time.
THROUGH THE little hole.
HE'S GOING to be told.
THAT THERE isn't a thing.
ANY CLOSER to the front.
THAN THE eighteenth row.
AND ALONG about Friday.
OF THE thirteenth week.
HE'S GOING TO stretch his arm.
THROUGH THE little hole.
AND DRAG out something.
AND ASK it the reason.
AND THE next day.
THE COMMON people.
WILL ALL rise up.
AND CALL him blessed.
AND FORGET about it.
AND THE birth records.
WILL KEEP on showing.
THAT THERE'S one born.
FOR EVERY minute.



AND THERE was a man.
AND ALL his life.
HE'D WORKED in a shipyard.
AND HE had a baby.
AND IT WAS going to be christened.
AND FOR a week.
HE COULDN'T sleep nights.
BECAUSE HE was worried.
FOR FEAR the minister.
WOULD HURT the baby.
WHEN HE HIT it with the bottle.
AND DID you ever.
IN ALL your life.
HEAR ANYTHING so silly.



AND JUST A minute ago.
I READ IT to my wife.
AND said.
"BUT IT'S a good thing.
"THERE ARE some of us left.
"WHO CAN be silly."
AND WHAT she said.
ABOUT USEFUL occupations.
AND ABOUT me.
YOU WOULDN'T believe it.
IF YOU weren't married.



AND A while ago.
I SPENT thirty minutes.
TRYING to keep a message.
TO Philadelphia.
INSIDE of fifty words.
AND THE next day.
I FOUND out.
THAT THE telegraph company.
HAD SENT it all the way.
BY A messenger boy.
AND EVER since then.
I'VE BEEN so mad.
I'M WEARING myself out.

AND MR. McAdoo.
HAS ESTABLISHED a rule.
IF YOU want a drawing room.
ON A railroad train.
THERE HAVE to be five of you.
AND I ask you.
WHAT'S A MAN going to do.
IF HE'S modest.
AND ALL he has.
IS JUST the one wife.

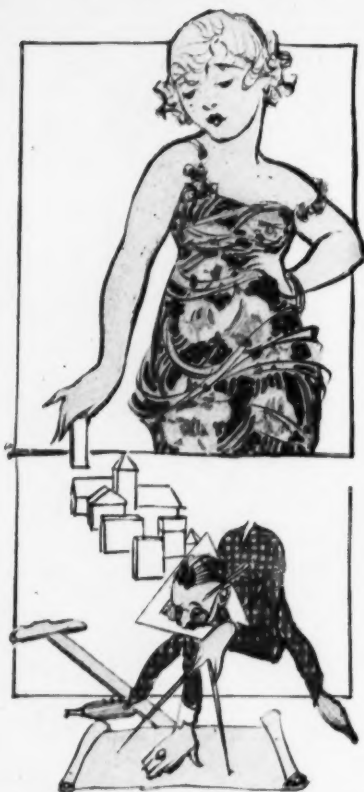
AND DEAR Mr. Editor.
I'M WRITING to ask you.
IF YOU can't fix it.
SO THAT Alan Dale.
CAN GET up this page.
FOR THE next number.
AND LET me go out.
AND INTERVIEW an actress.
BECAUSE I'm married.
AND THERE'S one I know.
AND IF YOU told me.
I HAD TO GO and see her.
I'D HAVE an excuse.*
AND THAT'LL be all.
FOR THIS month.

*We mentioned this to Mr. Dale, and he wants to know what excuse he could use himself next month.—EDITOR.]



The Wonder Girl

by MICHELSON



"WHEN boys are far from home and clubs,
"They welcome recreation;
"And so I'm planning pleasure huts
"For lads of ev'ry station."



"TO help conserve the cloth supply,
"Is quite a noble deed;
"A simple costume made of fur
"Is just the thing we need."



"WHEN balky engines start to kick,
"The Wonder Girl is hailed;
"A simple hair-pin does the trick,
"Where motor experts failed."



"THE other day, a soldier wrote,
"He thought beans rather pasty;
"So I've engaged some chefs of note
"To make the dish more tasty."



"THE boys have left their pets with me,
"While they have gone to war;
"I'll mother them most lovingly,
"Until the fight is o'er."



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

“Oh, Wad Some Power the Giftie Gie Us!”

September, 1918

*For Miss Martha Mansfield
is decidedly good to look upon,
as she triumphantly represents
America in the new Follies*



E. O. Hoppe

Ah, Fair Lorraine!

ABOVE, Miss Ruby Lorraine, of London, the original "Kirchner Girl," to whom the celebrated artist bequeathed his villa at Monte Carlo. TO THE LEFT, our own Lillian Lorraine, who shares honors at the Midnight Frolic with Yvonne Shelton, BELOW.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Photo by Abbe



De Strelecki

Miss Shelagh Courtenay, whose Castilian type of beauty suggests the dance in Old Madrid.

They Dance—and Dance Alone!

Miss Alison Worth, one of Mr. Ziegfeld's characteristic discoveries.



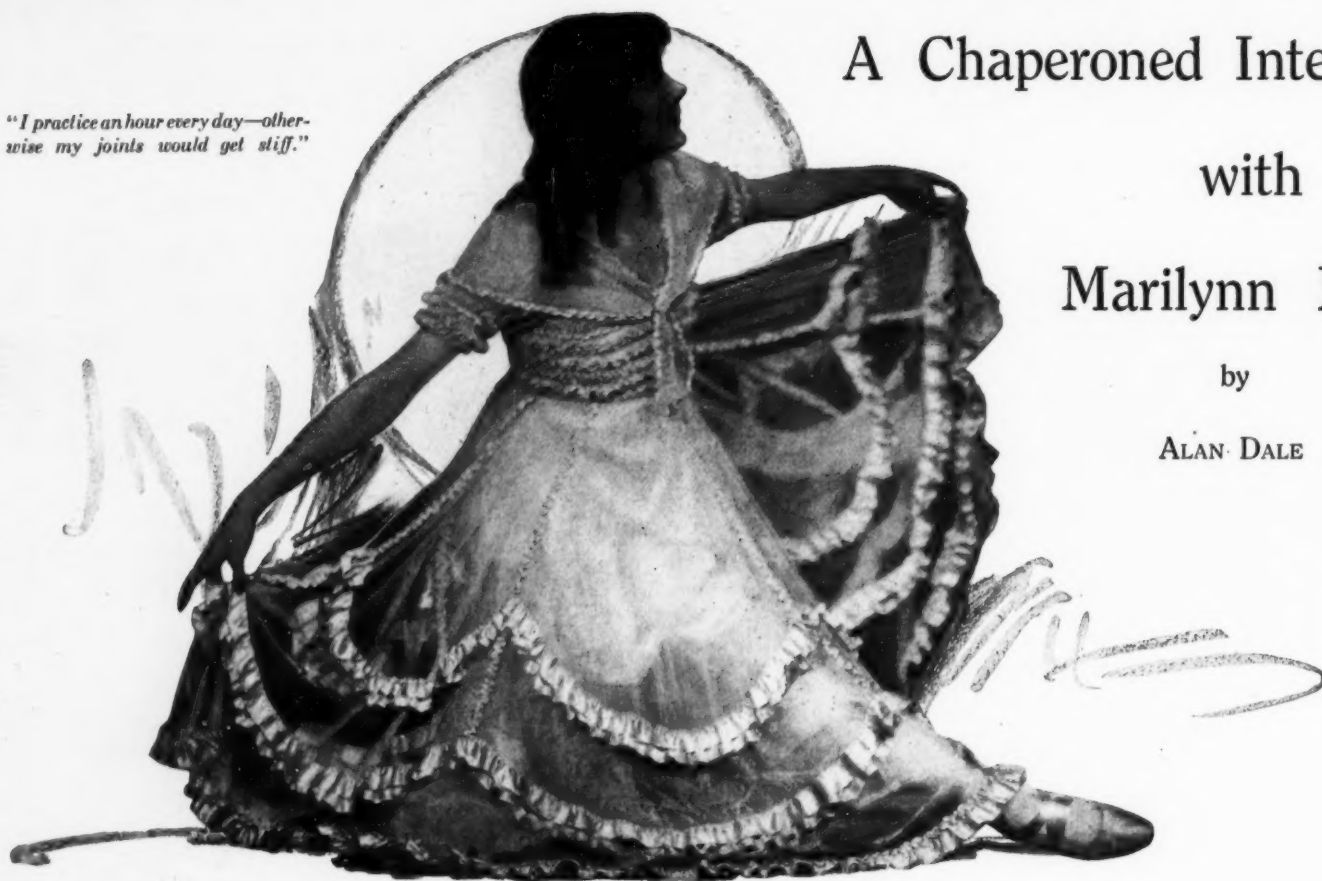
© Morley



Miss Clara Thorp, an interpretative dancer who has charmed society with her rare grace.

Geissler & Andrews

"I practice an hour every day—otherwise my joints would get stiff."



A Chaperoned Interview

with

Marilynn Miller

by

ALAN DALE

NO, my dear Mr. Editor, you simply *mustn't* ask me to "chat" with any girl who insists that not only mommer, but popper shall be present during the interview. It is awfully wearing, you know, both upon the nerves and the general constitution. I can, and have stood all brands of mommer since the days of my youth, but never before have I encountered mommer, *plus* popper, simultaneously. It was quite a new experience. Two sisters failed to appear—which was very thoughtless of them, of course—but there was added to those present, a cunning little tot of a niece, who toddled in and out, and put us all at our ease—or the other thing!

The intensely familed young woman was none other than Miss Marilynn Miller of the Ziegfeld Follies, who has to conceal her age, because she is so wonderfully young—which is also rather a new wheeze, don't you think? You see, I am so accustomed to actresses who disguise their years for other reasons, that Miss Miller's spectacular juvenility intrigued me, as it were—and also, so to speak.

I may as well say that I was prepared for mommer, because it was with that parent that my appointment with the little dancer was made. She had a mommer's regular telephonic voice—you know the kind I mean—a bit non-committal, rather brusque, and distinctly businesslike.

As I say, I was prepared for mommer when I sallied forth for my chat. I hoped of course that she had acquired the sublime art of self-effacement, and would pose more as a guarantee of good faith than for publication. Under those circumstances, I am perfectly able to cope with mommer. However, when I reached the Idaho apartments in which Miss Miller rests from her Terpsichorean labors, it was Mommer Miller who greeted me—quite kindly—oh, I assure you, quite kindly. She was very, very chatty, and gave me plummy details concerning her other daughters, one of whom, if I mistake not, was entitled Mrs. Sweeney, and the other, Mrs. Connell.

"I've just told Marilynn to put on a kimono, and come in," she said, as I grew a bit restive listening to recitals concerning Mrs. Sweeney and Mrs. Connell. "You won't mind a kimono, will you?"

Mind a kimono? I love that garment. It puts not only its wearer at her ease, but also yours truly. I apologized for causing little Miss Marilynn to arise in the middle of the night (it was high noon!), and then waited. Mrs. Miller went into all kinds of detail, most eloquently. It appears that the odd name of "Marilynn" is a combination of the names of Mrs. Miller's mother, Mary, and of her father, Lynn. (I had been spelling it quite wrongly for months, so I was glad for the information.)

Mrs. Miller continued to elocute all the time I was waiting. Like Mrs. Nickleby in the Dickens novel, she rambled along rather perplexingly. I had the greatest trouble ascertaining the fact that Marilynn had danced as a child abroad, because she was too young for this country, and had later returned to these climes. That would seem easy to establish, but mommer eddied all around it, turned somersaults over the salient points, and whenever I thought she had finished, broke out in a new place. In spite of which I liked mommer very much. She was so ardently, and so persistently interested in her neat little daughter.

Miss Miller appeared in the threatened kimono—quite insouciantly. Oh, she IS a pretty girl, and alarmingly young. The kimono was of black, embroidered in gold, and extremely becoming. The young woman wore the smile that irradiates her work with the Follies and elsewhere. It is a nice, wide, and somewhat effulgent smile. At first I thought it was one of those "property" affairs beloved of photographers, and usually donned in obedience to a request to "look pleasant," but I was mistaken. It is a smile that never comes off, and you really grow quite to like it. After ten minutes, I know I should have missed it, if Miss Miller had frowned. But she didn't. She sat on

the sofa, in the pretty drawing room—and smiled.

"I suppose you studied dancing?" I asked, rather perplexed because little Miss Marilynn was so silent.

"Oh, she never really studied," replied mommer, not giving the poor girl a chance. "I discovered her, as a toe dancer. One day when she was quite a tiny tot, I actually saw her standing on her little toe. Imagine that! I'll give you the exact date. Daddy has it in a book. Daddy!" she called off stage—and I waited for Daddy.

"Mother, I did study a little with Koslov," interposed little Marilynn from the sofa, and then she relapsed into dutiful silence.

"Oh, to be sure," acquiesced Mrs. Miller. "Marilynn took a few lessons from Koslov, but really, she was a born dancer. We all danced, you



I felt that she really wanted to slip away with a glass of soda and a copy of PUCK.

know. My daughter, who is now Mrs. Sweeney, and my other daughter, who is now Mrs. Connell, danced; so did I; so did Daddy. The five of us were known as the Columbia Five. Oh, I only did a sort of minuet, you know."

I threw a question or two at little Marilyn on the sofa, but mommer was so quick to answer them, that I merely lost my time. I addressed nearly all my queries directly to Marilyn, but mommer took them, and replied to them. She simply couldn't help it, dear soul! And little Marilyn was perfectly satisfied.

Enter Daddy, laden with a huge tome of "press clippings." Daddy was a good-looking chap, of majestic height, and pleasing stage presence. He greeted me affably, and proceeded to show me the clippings. It was established beyond the peradventure of a doubt that mommer had first discovered little Marilyn as a toe dancer in August, 1903. I treasured the date as solemnly as I used to treasure the dates of the signing of the Magna Charta, and the Declaration of Independence.

"You know," declared Mrs. Miller, "that it was in London that Mr. Shubert first saw Marilyn, and he never saw her on the stage. It was at the Four Hundred Club, and she was dancing with Sir Philip Sassoon."

"It was Mr. Lee Shubert," said Marilyn from the sofa.

"Precisely," said mommer. "He engaged her, young though she was, and she came back home to the Winter Garden in the 'Passing Show of 1914.'"

"And you liked it?" I asked, firing the question straight at Marilyn on the sofa, and right over mommer's head. (Daddy sat several yards away.)

"I liked it," replied Marilyn Miller.

Oh, how I wished that mommer would run away and bake a pie, or make biscuit, as mothers always do on the stage, when the heroine should be left alone. But this mommer didn't. I would have dared her to go and bake a pie, if I had thought it would have been of any use. I am sure it wouldn't have been. There she was, and there she had every intention of remaining, as long as I did! I felt it in my bones.

"And what about the Follies?" I continued, nothing daunted.

"I like the company very much," replied Marilyn Miller. "It is very nice." She smiled so charmingly, and so alluringly, and she looked so fascinatingly pretty, that I firmly believed that she *must* have said something extremely brilliant. She liked the Follies very much!

"See," said mommer, holding up a tiny dress of tarlatan, and two diminutive dancing slippers, "here are the clothes that Marilyn wore when she was a baby. I shall have them photographed. The slippers came from Milan. Are they not charming?"

They were. I smiled at them; so did Marilyn, so did mommer, and so did Daddy. I had the book of press clippings before me to study if I grew lonesome, though I'd sooner be lonesome than look at press clippings. They make me nervous, especially when I discover—as I usually do—that I've written many of them myself.

"Both my daughters retired when they married," continued mommer, "and now there's only Marilyn."

"Shall you retire when you marry?" I asked her, afraid for my life that mommer would answer, and determined to make the girl say something.

"Most certainly I shall retire when I marry," she replied with her charming smile; "I shan't want the stage then. Oh, I know that most actresses come back (Continued on page 32)



"I shall retire when I marry. Oh, I know that most actresses come back later on, but I shan't."

At the rainbow's end, we wonder if, after all, there won't come dancing out of the crock these pretty "Rainbow Girls"—Marguerite St. Clair and Miriam Medie.

These Midsummer Nights

It's a stage secret, to be sure, but Mr. Hitchcock's little preamble down in front in "Hitchy-Koo" is to prepare the audience for the advent of Miss Emma Haig.



Photos by Abbe



Miss Florence Ware, another primary color from "The Rainbow Girl."

Photo by Maurice Goldberg



Abbe

Edith Stockham

"Forty of 'Em Under Twenty"

At least, that is what Raymond claims for his chorus in "Hilchy-Koo"—and a painstaking inspection reveals no reason for doubling him!



Gertrude Rial



Elsie Lawson

"Mr. Hitchcock Presents"—



Lewis & Smith

Eleanor Sinclair



"Pilate . . . took water, and washed his hands, saying, 'I am innocent' . . ."



Louis Raemaekers

by LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

Tales of the Town

VI.—As Things Go

by BRUNO LESSING



Strothmann.

Unlike most of his compatriots . . . Schmule was not influenced by motives of money-making or a desire for freedom.

THE motives that inspire men's actions are complex. Given the actions of any other man than yourself the chances are that the shrewdest analysis of the motives, causes or emotions that led to them is merely a wild guess. The man himself probably does not know clearly what they are. If he does he wouldn't tell the truth. In your own case, you sometimes think you know. You usually are mistaken. If you're really sure you ought to be ashamed. The philosophy of all this may not be perfectly clear but that is the charm of it. The main point is that man is a queer animal. Schmule Abramson was a man. Therefore he was a queer animal. The logic, you see, is incontrovertible.

Schmule Abramson, at the age of sixty, decided to emigrate from Galicia to the United States of America. Unlike most of his compatriots who took this step Schmule was not influenced by motives of money-making or a desire for freedom. Measured by the standards of the community in which he had lived, worked and been persecuted all his days, he was quite wealthy and, having no one to look after but himself, had ceased to worry about material riches. And at sixty, men, as a rule, cease to worry about their bonds—they are

content to endure them in quietude.

As far as Schmule was able to analyze his own sensations, it was an impulse of remorse that drove him to this step. He had had an only sister whom he had bullied, neglected and finally forgotten and she had died in the ghetto of New York. She had left a child, a boy, who was Schmule's only living relative. If you had asked Schmule why he was going to emigrate he would have answered:

"I was remiss in my duty to my sister and I am filled with remorse. The only atonement I can make is to look up her son and, if he is worthy, to take care of him."

Which, of course, sounds rather well. But it might have been merely that he was feeling the loneliness of old age or had a sudden desire to travel or was filled with curiosity about America and his only nephew. Be that as it may, Schmule Abramson came to New York and wandered through the ghetto until he found Harry Moskovitz, his sister's child.

Mirman, the tailor boss, was sitting cross-legged on his table in the outer shop, stitching away at a coat, when Schmule entered the place. Mirman promptly classed him as a greenhorn, as the newly arrived immigrants are called.

"Works here Harry Moskovitz?" asked Schmule. Mirman nodded. He was a man of few words.

"Is he in?" asked Schmule. Mirman descended from his table, walked to the end of the room and opened the door leading into the workroom where Schmule caught a glimpse of a dozen men at work, cutting, sewing and pressing. Then he climbed back upon his table.

"He sneaked out," he replied. Schmule rubbed his long beard.

"I'm his uncle," he said. "I just came over from the other side. I never laid eyes on my nephew. What kind of a boy is he? How old is he? What does he do?" Mirman shrugged his shoulders.

"He's a bum," he said. "He lives by me because he's got no other home. He's twenty-two now. When I ain't looking he sneaks out the back way and goes to the races."

Schmule, somewhat depressed by this picture, promptly inferred that Mirman was not over-fond of the young man.

"I guess his father was no good," he ventured. Mirman eyed him coldly.

"His father was a fine man," he replied. "Harry is a fine chap too. When he settles down he'll be my partner." Schmule felt somewhat bewildered.

"Didn't you say he was a bum?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Mirman. "Maybe I did. But what I say and what somebody else says are two different things." Schmule sat in the place and waited nearly four hours. Several times he began overtures to conversation with the tailor but they ended, for the most part, in thin air. Mirman was evidently not disposed to converse that day. Then the door of the workshop opened and a young, good-looking chap entered the outer shop carrying a heap of garments. Mirman eyed him sternly.

"Where was you all afternoon?" he asked.

"Inside. Working," replied the young man with a grin.

"Don't lie to me," said Mirman. "I looked for you. You sneaked out the back way and sneaked in again."

"I ran down to the race-track," said the young man, unabashed. Mirman nodded toward Schmule.

"He wants to speak to you," he said.

"Are you Harry Moskovitz?" asked Schmule, gazing at the young man. The latter nodded and advanced toward him with hand outstretched and an engaging smile upon his face.

"That's me," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm your uncle Schmule Abramson," said the old man. Harry's hand dropped to his side and the smile vanished from his face.

"You're an old scoundrel," he cried, vehemently.

"If you wasn't such an old man I'd kick you out into the street on account of the way you treated my mother. I never want to lay eyes on you again. You look as if you wouldn't live long, so I guess you don't need me to kick you." He turned upon his heel and strode back into the work-room.

Schmule turned to Mirman in consternation.

"He always says what he means," said the tailor, without looking up from his work. Schmule left the place without another word. The entire episode was so out of keeping with anything that he had anticipated that it was difficult for him to grasp the significance of it. He had been rather prepossessed in favor of the young man's appearance and had already made up his mind to lecture him upon the evils of gambling. But now he found that the young man had taken all the lecturing upon himself and had put an abrupt end to their relations. Schmule was greatly distressed. His conscience did not reproach him for his treatment of his sister for the reason that he had ceased thinking upon that subject. His mind was interested in the present and not in the past.

In the course of the next few days he made many inquiries about Harry and had no difficulty in learning all there was to be known of the young man's life. He had never been known to take any interest in gambling until quite recently when he had become acquainted with Leah Pincus whose father was a "bookmaker" at the races. And, even now, no one knew that he gambled. He merely spent as much time as he could at the race-track when Leah was there. Book-making was no more moral or aesthetic in those days than it is today, but it had not yet been placed under the ban of the law.

Harry, meanwhile, pursued his way without

giving his uncle another thought. He had more important things to worry him. Sam Hyman, whose father was rich, had appeared upon the horizon as an aspirant for Leah's heart and hand.

"Listen, Mr. Mirman," said Harry, "I got a lot of trouble. Mr. Pincus is kind of stuck on that Hyman chap and he wants his daughter to marry him. Money you know. I know she likes me, but I never had a fair chance with her. I've got to work like the dickens to cut him out. As soon as it's settled, I'm going to buckle down to work, and you know that I'll make good. But I want to feel that you're standing by me and giving me a chance. When I drop work and run down to the track you'll know it's on important business and that I ain't just playing." Mirman nodded. He was a man of few words. He was not only exceedingly fond of Harry, but he recognized in him the ablest workman whom he had ever employed, and he knew that, at some future time, a partnership with him would be profitable for them both.

Sam Hyman dropped into Mirman's shop one day and ordered a suit of bright checked, gray cloth.

"I wan't to feel that you are standing by me and giving me a chance."



"Say," he remarked, on leaving, "you'd better tell that Moskovitz fellow that he's wasting time down on the track. And if he doesn't keep away from that girl he'll get into trouble some day."

"Listen," cried Schmule, excitedly, "you got to take your clothes off."



Mirman, being a man of few words, just nodded. Hyman had hardly left the place when Schmule Abramson came in.

"Is my nephew in?" he asked. Mirman descended from his perch, peered into the work-room and shook his head. Harry had gone out through the back way. Schmule seated himself in a chair against the wall and remained there, in silence, for a long time. Then he heaved a deep sigh and, taking a roll of bills from his pocket, handed them to Mirman.

"Tell him it's a present from me," he said. "I'll be around to-morrow." Mirman took the money, but did not reply. The next day when Schmule came, Mirman opened his safe, took out the money and handed it to him.

"He says he don't want to take anything from you."

Schmule held the money in his hand a long time. Then he sighed, tucked it into his pocket and went away. When men reach sixty they are apt to become stubborn. Schmule pondered over the situation for a long time. He had come to the conclusion that there was nothing in the world that he needed as much as a nephew. After he had pondered long enough, a smile came into his face. Schmule, in the parlance of our own degenerate generation, was a crafty guy.

It was a week later. Sam Hyman hustled into the tailor's shop and asked for his checked suit. Mirman went into the work-room and came out with a frown.

"It didn't come from the presser yet," said he. "It will come any minute." Hyman went out saying he would return in an hour.

Presently Schmule entered the shop. He seemed brighter and more cheerful than Mirman had ever seen him before.

"Can I wait here?" he asked. "Maybe a telephone comes for me."

Mirman nodded. He was a man of few words. His mind was likewise absorbed with other thoughts. They sat there nearly half an hour, Mirman sewing and Schmule, with a smile on his face, gazing into vacancy when, suddenly, the tailor spoke.

"Your nephew is a bum," he said. "He goes to the races and puts on any suit in the shop that fits him. He's got a new suit on now and the man it belongs to is coming for it in half an hour." (Continued on page 31)

Soft Answers to Hard Questions

Conducted by A. H. FOLWELL

IS a Mackerel sky a sign of wet weather?

CLOUD EFFECTS.

Soused Mackerel sky is a sign of a very wet spell, particularly at night.

Was Martini Van Buren, once President of the United States, a native of New York?

U. S.

Yes, if you mean Martin Van Buren. Your writing is extremely indistinct, and we suggest that you be much more careful in your spelling of proper names.

What was it caused the Tower of Pisa to lean?

PHYSICS.

About 800 years ago, a woman of Pisa, while at the top of it, tried to overhear the conversation of two of her friends on the street below.

By whom were open-work stockings first worn?

HOSIERY.

By the 600 wives of King Solomon. They served upon Solomon an Open-Work or Fight order.

Who wrote, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming?"

SIESTA.

Some one having absolutely no sense either of modesty or propriety.

Is it known who pitched for the Haymakers of Troy in their game with the Cincinnati Red Stockings in July, 1867?

OLD FAN.

Very likely. Why?

Does a Chinese Mandolin correspond with an American Mayor in official rank, or is his a higher office?

FAR EASTERNER.

You mean a Chinese Tangarine. A mandolin is a hump-backed banjo. Begin again.

Who was it said, "Charge, Chester! Charge?"

HISTORY.

Mrs. Chester, very likely, when urging her husband to open an account for her. It is evident that you are not a married man.

I have just run across the statement that Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were nursed and brought up by a she-wolf. Is that legend or truth?

TIBERIUS.

Truth. It shows it was even harder than it is now to get good female help.

What is the best American record for putting the shot?

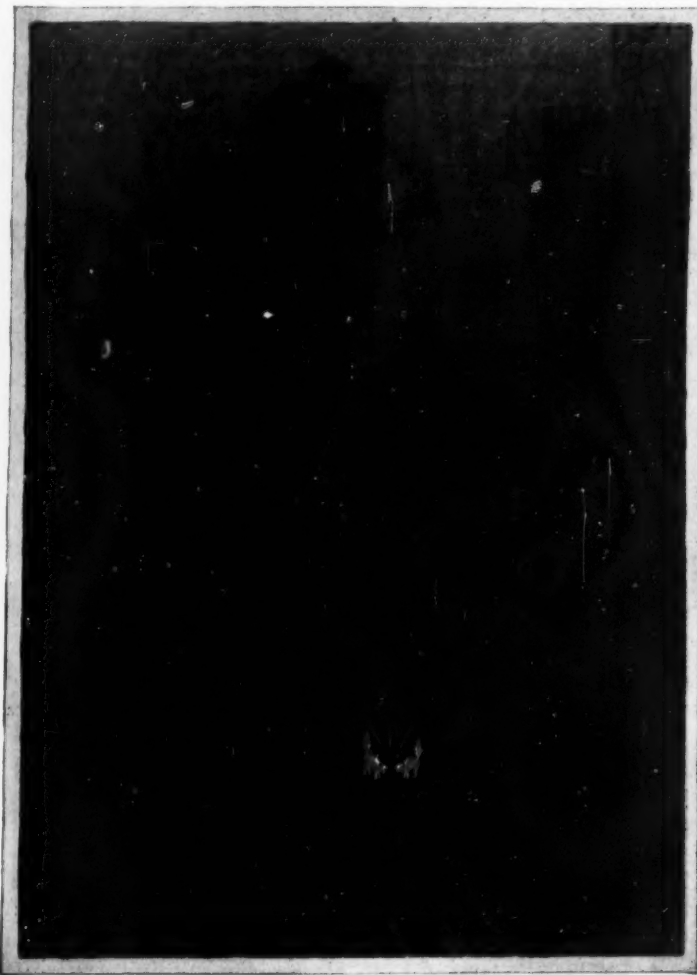
ATHLETE.

Read the papers. The record is being made daily on the Western Front.

Why was the name Pacific, which means peaceful, ever given to a great, rough, unruly ocean? How did it come about?

SNOOPSIE.

How does it come about that a great, rough, unruly woman is sometimes called Honey or Pettikins by her husband? Some things, Snoopsie, will ever be mysteries.



The Great White Way—During the Air-Raid Excitement

Is the holding of a summer puppy show in good taste, now that we are at war? Or should such frivolous affairs be cut out?

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

Anything goes as "patriotic" if the people who attend it knit.

I am greatly troubled by my hair falling out. What should I do about it?

LOCKSMITH.

Please be more explicit. With whom is your hair falling out? We cannot suggest a remedy until we know who began the quarrel.

Can you give a plausible theory why the ancients, when they dined, reclined at table instead of sitting up to it, as we do?

TRIMALCHIO.

We can give you a plausible theory, yes. It was in order to have a shorter distance to fall when ultimately they went under it, toward the finish of a meal.

I have been a student of newspaper humor for some months, but I have yet to master the difference between "zowie" and "oof." When should "oof" be used? And when, "zowie?" I understand they are not synonymous.

SOLEMN ASPEN.

They are not. "Zowie" is active; "oof" is passive. "Zowie" is used by the person throwing the brick; "oof" by the person struck. Newspaper humor is not difficult, once you become grounded in the basic principles.

Has Germany a national flower? If so what is it?

BUDDY.

Yes. Sweet Wilhelm.

Can you tell me why the White House at Washington was called the White House?

TOURIST.

Surely. It was originally the home of Amzi S. White, from whom the government bought it in 1811. Perhaps, you might also care to know that the reason why a Carnation is sometimes called as pink is because it was first perfected by Henry H. Pink, a celebrated florist of the eighteenth century.

Is there any such thing as social life, as we understand it, among fishes? I have spent hours at the Aquarium in a fruitless endeavor to solve the mystery.

PISCATORIAL.

Without posing as an expert, we would call your attention to the fact that whales frequently come to the surface to blow—a most commendable social trait.

Can you give me the pen-name of Theodore Roosevelt? I am informed that he does much of his literary work under a nom de plume.

R. F. D.

We should like to know the name of your informant. He is evidently a man of quaintly original views.

Was there a Civil War song that went something like this:

"Hobo, Hobo, Hobo, The Boys Are Marching?"

OLD MUSIC.

You doubtless have reference to "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Is it known why Pocahontas, after saving the life of Captain John Smith, deliberately went and married somebody else?

PUZZLED.

It is. How in Pluto could she hope to be famous with a name like Mrs. John Smith?

Who was it wrote, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?"

FORGETFUL.

You are much mixed. You doubtless have reference to the Automat at the Luncheon Table. And besides, an automat is not a book; it is a restaurant.

I have long been interested in the Garden of Eden, but can learn very little about it. What sort of a garden was it? A formal garden of the Italian type?

GREENHOUSE.

Eden was the original Old Fashioned Garden.

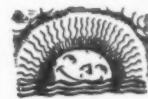
A bets B, C bets D, E bets F, G bets H, but H won't bet. What is done in a case like this?

STAKEHOLDER.

Congratulate H. We are glad there is one letter in the alphabet which is not addicted to the vice of gambling.



The Morning Smile



Edited by WEX JONES.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1918

A Poem of Potsdam

We've a substitute for butter
And a substitute for ham,
A substitute for pretzels
And a substitute for jam.

We've a substitute for leather
And a substitute for steel,
We've a substitute for rabbit
And a substitute for veal.

We've a substitute for metals
And a substitute for fruits;
Oh, if we had a substitute
For all these substitutes!

A Dialogue of the Day

SHE: My hero! you have returned.
HE: Darling! I hardly expected to see you again.

SHE: Was it so bad?
HE: Bad? It was awful. The shouting! The shock! The mob! The scramble for loot!

SHE: Dearest! How brave you are.

HE: It was for you and the children. A man could not see them suffer without getting into the fray.

SHE: And you escaped without a wound?

HE: A scratch. A trifle. I did not even feel it in the excitement.

SHE: Brave boy! How proud the children will be of you. None of their playmates has a father who did so nobly as you.

HE: For you, our children and our home, dear, I would face anything.

SHE: Listen, dearest, there come the children now. They are singing something, I think.

HE: Yes. "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

SHE: Oh, darling, even the little tots know that you raided the coal yard and brought back a sack for the winter.

Smiles

We shall await with interest the first presidential campaign under government control of railroads. The party in power will doubtless assign to the opposing candidate a flat-wheeled, springless private car and a leaky, asthmatic locomotive, having a disposition to blow out its cylinder heads occasionally.

The couple of mythology who peopled the world by throwing over their shoulders stones which turned into humans, could not have been mere politicians; that much is certain. In the latter event, they would have thrown mud.

Our quondam contemporary, *The Masses*, has resumed publication under the modest title of *The Liberator*. Of course, if people refuse to be liberated, the editors will try again.

War-Zone Pronunciation

A Handy Guide for All Readers of News From Abroad

Name	Pronunciation
Le Temps (newspaper)	Le Tom
Champagne	Wine (Colloquial)
Ourcq (river)	Ourcq
von Kuehlmann	Boob
Ypres	As spelled
Omsk	Om-sk
Hindenburg	*-sk-!!
Vjia (Russian newspaper)	As spelled

Moral?

You never hear of a Life of Boswell by Johnson.

Making Things Even

The Crown Prince gets the Iron Cross and the soldier gets the Iron Ration.

Natural History Notes

A giraffe thinks a badger has an awful short neck.

Even if a snake trips and falls, it doesn't hurt itself.

Sea lions learn to swim without the aid of water wings.

Clams are bitterly opposed to chowder parties.

A field mouse likes to play the outfield.

Potato bugs don't think much of peaches.

Things You Never See

A business man eating a "Business Man's Lunch."



Inside Dope from the Western Front

The Kaiser, cleverly camouflaged, reviews a division of victorious Prussian Guards

Nero wasn't such a hopeless fellow after all. He didn't claim any intimate relationship with "Gott" while Rome was burning. And what he started was comparatively a small conflagration.

As the demand for conservation slogans seems to be unlimited, we see no reason for withholding ours: "Pep will win the war. Don't waste it."

A Summer Poem

Beach.
Peach.
Screech—
And now she's married the handsome life-saver.

Did You—or Didn't You—Know That

SUNSET has been boosted more than sunrise, because more poets and artists are awake in the evening?

Art is cute?

It rains more upon the just than upon the unjust, as the unjust usually has the other fellow's umbrella?

There are less square feet in an acre than in the army?

Some brains are like blotting paper; they absorb an awful lot without getting one clear idea?

It's better to watch the boss than the clock?

A letter from a sweetheart is like a candy-box—you know there's something sweet in it, but you can't guess the flavor?

There are no musical comedies for the Tired Working Man?

Kissing a cousin is about as stimulating as two per cent. beer?

The most useless thing in the world is a mouse-trap without mice?

Military Note

The Crown Prince is learning to drive a wheelbarrow, so that he can take his iron crosses about with him.

Life's mysteries: Duck soup.

Classified Advertisements

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Will exchange stinger for torpedo in good working order. MOSQUITO, Rahway, N. J.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Young pig for sale or will exchange for something useful. Make an excellent trench digger. AMATEUR, Smile office.

SITUATIONS WANTED—Young man would like to change job for position. A. B., Smile office.

TUITION—Lessons given on banjo, ukelele, trombone. Not responsible for pupils' deaths. INSTRUTOR, Smile office.

DOGS, CATS, ANIMALS—Good rat terrier for sale. Easy to club rat as it chases terrier around kitchen. PEDIGREE, Smile office.

POULTRY AND BIRDS—Setting hen for sale cheap. Also settee. A. FARMER, Caldwell, N. J.

The Padded Cell*

A One-Act American Play

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

PLACE: The United States.

TIME: The Present.

SCENE: When the CURTAIN RISES, the stage is pitch dark. Now and again, through the progress of the play, a low rumble, as of thunder far away, is audible. Although the audience is unable to distinguish the setting, save fleetingly when one of the characters strikes a match to light a cigar or cigarette, it is more or less obviously a small room in an asylum for the insane. This impression is further heightened when, upon the flickering of this or that match, the audience is able momentarily to make out the figure of a burly guard, or keeper, in a blue uniform and stationed near the one small door leading to the cell-like chamber.

THE INMATES

CASPER JONES, ætat 45; home, Cincinnati, O.
JAKE PINTO, ætat 38, home, Ligonier, Ind.
HENRY M. SCHWARTZ, ætat 49; home, Chicago, Ill.
LOU COOPER, ætat 37, home, New York City.
SAM BARKHOUSE, ætat 40; home, St. Louis, Mo.

and

GEORGE, THE KEEPER.

AT the rise of the curtain, the voices of the five inmates are lifted in an undecipherable babble, each trying at once to outshout the others as well as the low thunder-like rumble. Out of this babble, the audience is able to distinguish only an occasional exclamatory word or stray sentence such as "the lights is out of order," "this is rotten," "kin you beat it," etc. The confusion eventually settles, and to the audience from out the darkness comes the following dialogue:

JONES—As I was saying, friends, once back in '95 I seen Pat Slavatsky of the Baltimore Orioles knock a ball pitched by Cuppy of the Cleveland so hard that when it landed in the right-fielder's mit it was absolutely flat on one side!

PINTO—That's nothing, Mister Jones. In '08 I was to a game between the Chicagos and the Philadelphias when Charlie Sauer, the shortstop on the Chicagos, batted a ball pitched by Guble, of the Philadelphias, such a wallop that it knocked flat down in succession O'Brien, the second baseman; Wauch, the shortstop what backed O'Brien up; Kraus, the left-fielder, and Flaherty, the center-fielder what backed him up, when they tried to stop it!

SCHWARTZ—That sounds kinda bug-house to me, Jake, but somethin' I achshally did see and that was, in 1900 I think it was, in Waco, Texas, I think, where Klumm, the pitcher on the Wacos, swatted a ball pitched by Merkle, of the San Antonios, I think it was, so hard it tore a hole in the center-field fence and then also tore a hole in the wall of the schoolhouse on the other side and stuck in the black-board!

COOPER (suddenly seized with the hiccups)—Say, do any o' you fellas know something what'll stop the hiccups?

BARKHOUSE—Sure thing! Count up to a hundred slow. That'll fix it! It never fails.

(Cooper proceeds to count slowly up to one hundred.)

JONES (as Cooper reaches 42, still hiccoughing)—Just stick at it, friend. As Barkhouse here says, it always works.

PINTO (as Cooper reaches 78, still hiccoughing)—See! His hiccups is beginning to let up somewhat already.

SCHWARTZ (as Cooper reaches 90, still hiccoughing)—It's peculiar, ain't it gents, how a simple cure like that always will work the trick!

PINTO—Yep. It's them simple old-fashioned little home remedies that always gets results.

(Cooper has counted the one hundred and continues to hiccough worse than ever.)

PINTO (suddenly)—Gee! A cinder has got in my eye!

BARKHOUSE—Rub the other eye; that'll get it out right away.

PINTO (rubs his other eye. After a pause)—No; she's still in it!

SCHWARTZ—Roll the eye with the cinder into it in a inward direction in the direction of the corner of the eye, Jake. That'll fix it.

PINTO (rolls the eye as Schwartz has directed. After a pause)—Wait—I think it's—nope! She's still in it!

COOPER (still hiccoughing lustily)—They's only one sure positive way to get that thing outa your eye, Pinto, and that is to shut the eye very tight for a few minutes, Pinto, and then open it very sudden. If that don't get the thing out, I'm a liar.

PINTO (shuts his eye very tight for a few minutes and then opens it very suddenly. A slight pause)—By George, Lou, you fixed it! The cinder's out all right, all ri— Naw! The damned thing's still there!

BARKHOUSE (has meantime been engaging Jones in conversation. The rumble, as of thunder, temporarily louder, permits the audience to catch only the following stray words of the dialogue)—
... Petrova ... immense ...

JONES—... prefer Theda Bara ... grand ...

BARKHOUSE—... but Clara Kimball Young ... wonderful ...

JONES—... Mary Pickford compared to Louise Glaum ...

BARKHOUSE—... great ... Lillian Gish ... June Caprice ...

JONES—... though Francis X. Bushman ... supreme ...

BARKHOUSE—... wonderful ... Wallace Reid.

JONES—... W. S. Hart ... fine ... superb.

BARKHOUSE—Yes, but Carlyle Blackwell ... immense ...

JONES—... excellent ... and Harold Lockwood ...

BARKHOUSE—... well, after seeing Henry B. Walthall ... masterly ...

JONES—... great ... William Farnum or Doug Fairbanks ...

BARKHOUSE—... Muriel Ostriche and June Caprice ... some babies ...

JONES—... Mabel Normand ... fine ...

BARKHOUSE—... wonderful ... King Baggott ...

JONES—... Great ... Fatty Arbuckle ... million dollars a year ...

BARKHOUSE—... wonderful ... worth it ... Chaplin ... million and a half ...

SCHWARTZ (suddenly)—Gents, my nose is bleedin'.

JONES—Lean your head 'way back, friend, and hold your breath a short time. That's a sure cure for nose bleed.

SCHWARTZ (leaning his head 'way back and holding his breath a short time. After a pause)—Thanks, Mister Jones. That fixed her all right.

PINTO—Sure, Schwartz, I knew it would just like Mister Jones said. As I said before, it's them simple old-fashioned little home remedies that always gets results.

SCHWARTZ—Yes, as I was sayin' before too, it's peculiar, ain't it, gents, how one of these here simple cures always works the—(he stops and puts his hand to his nose). No, she's still bleedin'.

BARKHOUSE (having again engaged Jones)—... J. Warren Kerrigan ... wonderful ...

JONES—... Mae Marsh ... great ...

COOPER (engaging Pinto on the side)—Say, Jake, my hair's been fallin' out till I'm almost bald. Do you know anythin' good that'll cure baldness?

PINTO (himself three-fourths bald. Perfectly serious)—Sure. I use some crude kerosene oil on my block every morning and every night and it does wonders. Look.

COOPER—It's too dark. I can't see. But I'll try it anyway.

BARKHOUSE (entering into the conversation)—Kerosene oil ain't any good. I found something fine though. It's fixed my hair up fine. Cold water in the morning and at night and then rub in well some cocoanut butter.

(Barkhouse is seven-eighths bald.)

SCHWARTZ (whose nose is still bleeding profusely, to Cooper who is still hiccoughing violently)—So you believe also like me in Christian Science, Mister Cooper?

COOPER—Yes. Me and my wife, too. It's done me a world of good! (To Pinto, who still has the cinder in his eye)—Why don't you believe in it, Pinto? It'd do you a world of good!



Suburban Stakes

"I'll see your two-carrot bet and raise you three onions."

*All rights of performance reserved.

PINTO (*his eye become highly inflamed*)—Why don't I? I do!

SCHWARTZ—Fine, Jake! I always see that the people what joke about Christian Science is the same people what joke about ghosts of the dear departed.

BARKHOUSE—That reminds me. A wonderful thing happened a few months ago in my home town, Saint Louis. A woman acshally wrote a whole book that was communicated to her through a Ouija board by the spirit of a woman that died five years ago.

JONES—I heard about that case, friend. It was positively uncanny.

BARKHOUSE—Yeah. And there was no fake about it neither. I seen the Ouiji board it was done with. And do you know somethin' more? Four years ago when I was in Atlantic City I let a fortune-teller on the boardwalk read my palm and he acshally predicted exactly certain things that have happened to me since!

JONES (*deeply interested*)—You don't say! What? BARKHOUSE—Well, for one thing he predicted I was going to get a letter from someone containing important news and only three weeks ago I got a letter from my sister Hortense, out in California, that said her husband's brother, Henry, of Portland, Oregon, had died.

JONES (*obviously impressed*)—You don't say!

BARKHOUSE (*decisively*)—Yes I do say! And what's more, he predicted something else. He predicted that an accident was going to befall me—they were his exact words—and it did! A couple o' months ago I was shaving myself and I cut myself on the chin!

JONES (*profoundly impressed*)—You don't say. Did you cut yourself bad?

BARKHOUSE—No; but it proved he predicted right just the same.

JONES (*nodding his head*)—There's something in it all right, friend. I suppose there's some people born with the gift. It's almost uncanny.

PINTO (*to Schwartz*)—... you're right, Schwartz, I wore one of them rings myself once and it cured my rheumatism too.

COOPER (*talking to himself*)—\$048.53 less \$214.31 is—\$734.22 Less \$3.10 is—\$731.12. Less \$130.08 is—\$601.04 ...

BARKHOUSE—... Jack Pickford ... wonderful ...

JONES—... Anita Stewart ... great ...

BARKHOUSE—... Griffith ... genius ...

JONES—... Ince ... genius ...

SCHWARTZ (*to Pinto*)—... and would you believe it Jake, I got more than 7,000 pitcher postal cards collected already—it's a fad of mine—and I got the walls of my den in my house decorated with 'em.

PINTO—That's fine. My fad is collectin' cigar bands. I got over fifteen thousand and I got the walls of the den in my house decorated with 'em like you have yours with pitcher postal cards. It's very effective.

COOPER—I can't understand such fads like them. What's the use o' collecting pitcher postal cards or cigar bands? What's the value? My fad is the collecting o' four-leaf clovers. They bring you good luck. I got 827 already.

JONES—Speaking of fads, friends, mine is a sort of expensive one, but it gives me a lot of satisfaction.

BARKHOUSE—What is it?

JONES—Collecting genuwine antique medicine chests. I got about a hundred and twenty-five of 'em already stored in my cellar and garret.

COOPER (*talking to himself*)—\$415.08 less \$110.03 is \$305.05. Less 80 cents is \$304.25. Less \$64.09 is ...

PINTO (*to Schwartz*)—... wonderful ... Beverly Bayne ... supreme ...

SCHWARTZ—... and Zeena Keefe and Mae Marsh ... grand ...

JONES—... yes, Mr. Barkhouse, every morning of my life, I go out in my back-yard before breakfast in my bare feet and take the Kneipp Cure. It's a wonderful thing.

BARKHOUSE—So I hear, friend. But my own partiality is for what they (*Continued on page 34*)



"Now, Michael Casey, you'll hang there till ye apologize for the names ye called me."
"It's not long I'll stay here while I have a knife to cut this rope."



"Hurry up with that rivet, Jim, I want to massage my scalp."
"Sure, I couldn't risk that job with this delicate machine."



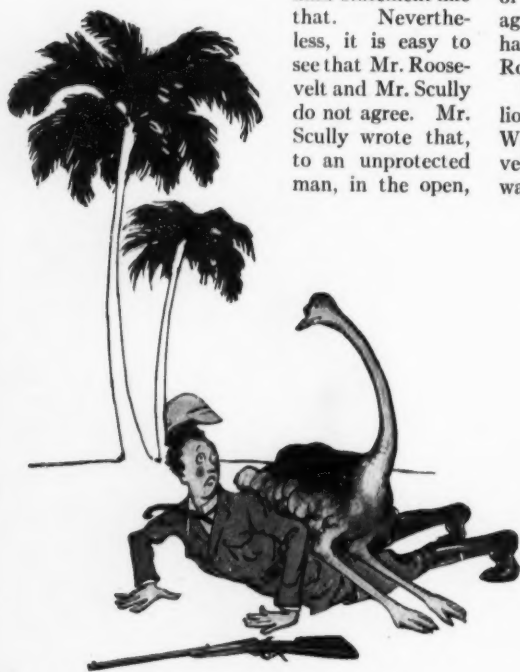
The Wild Ostrich

by BERNEY LEE

IN these strenuous days in which the income tax and the expurgated bill-of-fare occupy most people's attention, one is apt to overlook the most important contribution to contemporaneous literature in the month's magazines. That's where I come in. I get paid for watching for these gems.

The *Atlantic Monthly* contains an article by Theodore Roosevelt entitled "The Wild Ostrich." It was written after Mr. Roosevelt had read an article by a man named Mr. Scully on the same bird. Where he read it and who Mr. Scully is Mr. Roosevelt does not say. Far be it from us—I'm the us—to intimate that the purpose of Mr. Roosevelt's article is to prove that Mr. Scully is a liar. Because such an intimation might be libelous. We—that's me again—have paid our income tax and haven't enough money left to pay damages in a libel suit. All that Mr. Roosevelt says on the subject—directly—is, "Mr. Scully writes with genuine charm about much of his subject. This would be in no way interfered with if he were more careful, both in his observations and in his generalizations."

Nobody could recover damages from a jury on the strength of a mild statement like that. Nevertheless, it is easy to see that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Scully do not agree. Mr. Scully wrote that, to an unprotected man, in the open,



"If the man lies down, the ostrich may sit on him."



"The older the bird, as a rule, the longer he dances."

an infuriated ostrich is as dangerous as a lion. Mr. Roosevelt takes exception to this. He claims that if the man lies down the ostrich may step on him or sit on him but will do him no bodily harm. We agree with Mr. Roosevelt. The ostrich may even hatch the man. There is no law against it. Mr. Roosevelt goes on to say:

"Does Mr. Scully imagine that an infuriated lion will merely sit on a man who lies down?" We—that's me—agree entirely with Mr. Roosevelt. What's the matter with Mr. Scully, anyway? Nor is that the worst. Mr. Roosevelt pierces Mr. Scully's armor at another point. "Mr. Scully," he writes, "speaks of the curious waltzing or gyrating of the ostriches as not occurring among wild birds. I saw it twice among parties of wild birds in the Sotik country, beyond the Guaro Nyero of the South."

Where did Mr. Scully ever get his dope? We have seen parties of wild birds dancing and gyrating and cavorting at Churchill's and Rector's almost until daybreak. Why does Mr. Scully think that the ostrich has a monopoly of this business? We are heart and soul with Mr. Roosevelt. We—us, so to speak—have never been in the Sotik country, beyond the Guaro Nyero of the South, but we have seen the same thing in Montclair, Long Beach and several places along the Erie. The older the bird, as a rule, the longer he dances.

"Nor," as Mr. Roosevelt says, "is this all." Mr. Scully was indiscreet enough to

express his views upon the nesting habits of ostriches.

"Mr. Scully's theory," says Mr. Roosevelt, "the accepted theory of many closet naturalists, has no warrant in fact."

Never having been an ostrich, Mr. Scully displays amazing audacity in expressing his views upon the subject. He is as bad as all the other closet naturalists. In order to speak with authority upon this subject a man must be on terms of intimacy with an ostrich, be able to speak the ostrich's language, and even acquire some of the ostrich's traits. It is a well-known scientific fact that ostriches and cuttle-fish never get on well together. Both are proud and self-reliant and each distrusts the other. It is even thus with the ostrich and Mr. Scully.

As Mr. Roosevelt further says, "Even if the rule laid down by Mr. Scully on this subject proves to apply generally, his interpretation of the rule is certainly erroneous."

Most certainly. The secret of an ostrich's existence is his abhorrence of rules. How, therefore, could Mr. Scully either define or tabulate the rules of ostriches? They are chock full of exceptions. What is meat for one ostrich is poison for another. Where one is fond of music another prefers pinochle.

As Mr. Roosevelt aptly remarks, in summing up his argument, "This is mere wild guesswork; all the information that we have indicates that it is the reverse of the truth."

Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt does not say that Mr. Scully is a liar. Nor do we, us, or I. Only, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Roosevelt. First, because we never were an ostrich. And, second, because it is safer.

The ostrich, as is well known, is, like St. Paul, all things to all men. To women it is merely a provider of hat trimmings. The ostrich was the original camoufleur. What Mr. Scully sees in ostriches neither we, nor I, can understand. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, can always count on getting the solid ostrich vote.

We—me, and us, are unanimous on this—would strongly urge Mr. Scully to let ostriches alone and take up something simple, like integral calculus. Here he can never wander far from the line of truth. Besides, Mr. Roosevelt is not interested in integral calculus. Neither is I, us, or muh.

Revelation

"Ah, sir," observed the oldest lady of the congregation to the new pastor, "we do so enjoy your sermons. They are so instructive. We never knew what sin was until you came to us."



HERR ESSENKRAUT (at family prayers): Gott strafe England, France, Italy, Belgium, America, Serbia, Japan—er-er-donnervetter! vere didt I put dot list?

The Alien

I FEEL utterly hopeless. My husband is too old for the draft, both my children are girls, and my friends say that I am too light-headed to drive an ambulance in France, and thus risk the lives of soldiers.

I have tried to do my "bit" over here. Hoover's principles were carried out to the letter in our home; so well, that my husband threatened to get a divorce and the cook nearly starved to death.

The khaki uniform of the Woman's Home Guard is not becoming to me and I always catch cold when I sit rolling bandages in a draughty Red Cross work room.

Altogether I find the attendant circumstances of war beyond me. I feel quite unfashionable, and utterly hopeless.

The Light That Failed

THE Bachelor and the Benedick were wending homeward their weary way. "Ah, you lucky man!" sighed the Bachelor, "think of having a hearthstone, a real home, awaiting welcome! Look—there is a light in the window for you!"

"By George, so there is!" muttered the Benedick. "Well, there's only one way out of that—let's go back to the club."



"Come on, Henrietta, let's go home to dinner."
"You kin go ef you're a mind to, Hiram; I'm a-goin to stick here till that thing flies if it takes a week."

The Millionaire Plowman

Even our millionaires are going in for plowing, for the labors usually performed by hired men; yachting and polo are bound to suffer in consequence.

—A Society Editor's Chatter.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
(These lines, of course you know, were penned by Gray;
The lines to come were Remingtoned by me.)

The plowman homeward plods his—not at all!
His plowing done, he's not obliged to plod;
He has his limousine in easy call;
He takes three steps—no more—across the sod.

Fast fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
(That line is also Gray's) as up the road
The chauffeur speeds the car in pond'rous flight,
And stops before the plowman's swell abode.

A footman takes the plowman's coat and hat;
His valet comes to help him wash and dress;
The butler, whiskered, dignified and fat,
Announces dinner with obsequiousness.

The plowman plies his evening knife and fork,
And all the rooms a restful stillness hold,
Save when a servant draws reluctant cork
And opens up another bottle cold.

One morn I missed him by the 'customed hill,
(More Gray is this) and near his fav'rite tree;
Another morn; and yet another still—
"E's on his yacht," the butler said to me.—A. H. F.

The Intruder Punished

A MICHIGAN game warden, in making his rounds, came upon a youthful fisherman. To satisfy himself that this boy was not disobeying the bass-fishing law the warden took his string of fish out of the water. He found only catfish, perch, and suckers on the line.

He found, however, a few feet further down the stream, a large black bass wriggling on a string weighted down with a stone. Naturally the warden made inquiry of the lad touching that fish.

"You see, it's this way, sir," explained the boy. "That bass's been taking my bait all the morning; so I just tied him up there till I get through fishing."

The "self-determination of small peoples" doesn't apply to the five-footer trying to board a subway train at Times Square about 5.15 p. m.



TANTY



Toilette Requisites for Summer

Cooling to the skin, soothing to the senses, delicately scented and charmingly prepared for the summer toilette of discriminating women.

As pictured above, left to right

Compact Powder and Rouge (Metal vanity box with mirror).....	30c	Poudre de Talc, 30c and 75c
Poudre Marquise (Blanche, Chair, Rachel, Naturelle).....	75c	Eau de Toilette (Violette, Jasmin, Muguet, Oeillet, Lilas).....
Rouge for the Lips (Light, dark or pomade).....	35c	Lotion Vegetale (Lilas, Violette, Jasmin, Muguet).....

On sale in leading stores throughout the country.

TANTY, 116 WEST 32nd St. NEW YORK

Just One Thing

Consolation

WE mortals fools are said to be;
And doesn't this seem rather nice?

I learn, on good authority,
That Fools inhabit Paradise!
Honored by kings they've always been;
And—you know where Fools may rush in.

Help Wanted

WHEN a Frenchman is lonely he has a peculiarly direct manner of locating company; and the war has produced an entirely new departure in advertising, illustrative of the resourcefulness of the *poilu* in attaching himself to a *marraine* (god mother) as her exclusive *filleur* (godson) for the duration of the war.

From our sprightly contemporary, *La Vie Parisienne*, the PUCK of Paris, we make a selection from a page of engrossing interest, captioned "Petite Correspondence," in which the French soldier makes his appeal in print for a *marraine*. These "personals" are translated literally, and two or three hundred of them often appear in a single issue of *La Vie*.

A lieutenant of artillery writes:

PRETTY Parisian *marraine*—would you correspond with a discreet and amiable godson? From Champagne to the Somme, and from Verdun to the Aisne, the road is long, hard and dreary—without a *marraine*!

M. Petit, of the 404th Infantry, was paged some time since through the streets of Athens by one Diogenes. He advertises:

COMMANDANT, captain, old, not beautiful, little head, lots of cheek, requests correspondence with *marraine* in accord, not necessarily pretty.

Other appeals, equally as naive, follow:

PRETTY *marraine*, woman of the world, is requested for correspondence by young trench-mortar bomber always gay, *chasseur* crazy with the blues.

SPRING without a *marraine*! Who will dissipate, with her loving correspondence, this bad dream?

YOUNG OFFICER, six *brisques* [chevrons given for re-enlistments], Cross of War, fond of Letters, the Arts and voyages; all that used to make life so worth while, would like to correspond with pretty, affectionate, fashionable, artistic *marraine* to whom he would write often.

NO LETTERS! For pity's sake, dear *marraine*, artistic and gay, write to Second-quartermaster De Maussam.

SUB-LIEUTENANT of artillery, full of fire, level headed, but just now a little depressed by the inaction of his squadron, seeks correspondence with delicious and intelligent *marraine* in order to bring sunshine, until the victory, into a sky too foggy. Will give name and address in first letter.

SLIGHTLY wounded, but great of heart, young, tall, gay, seeks to correspond with a *marraine* of the same sort—but without the wound. Preferably an actress or a cloak-model.

DOES there still exist, in Paris, a young *marraine*, very pretty and sentimental, melancholy like me, to write to Lieut. Lambert?

FIRE! Fire! Lovely *marraines*, gentle *vitriers* [foot chasseurs] have their hearts in flames; instead of water send sweet messages!

HELP! Three officers are sinking into the mud! *Marraines* necessary.

OFFICER, 39; will he find his ideal; a *marraine* loving and caressing?

TWO Blue Devils, tired of carrying on relations with the Boches by way of barbed wire, desire epistolary exchange with pretty *marraines*.

But Ensign B. C. F., of the good ship *Jean-Bart*, goes about the business with the hand of an expert:

PRETTY women!! Would you like to know the famous secret of the sultanas of Damascus for conserving the freshness of the skin?—Oh, yes!—Then write quickly to young naval officer who, having campaigned in the Adriatic, Suez Canal, Syria, Dardanelles and Salonica, would like to recount his adventures to a sweet and pretty *marraine*.

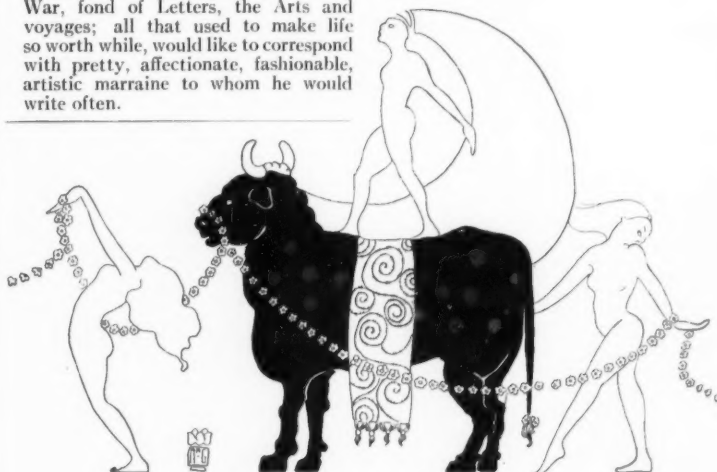
Time's Fingers

Dear, kindly digits, with what gentle grace

Thou smoothest wrinkles from the infant's face;

The years go by. Hath he offended, then,

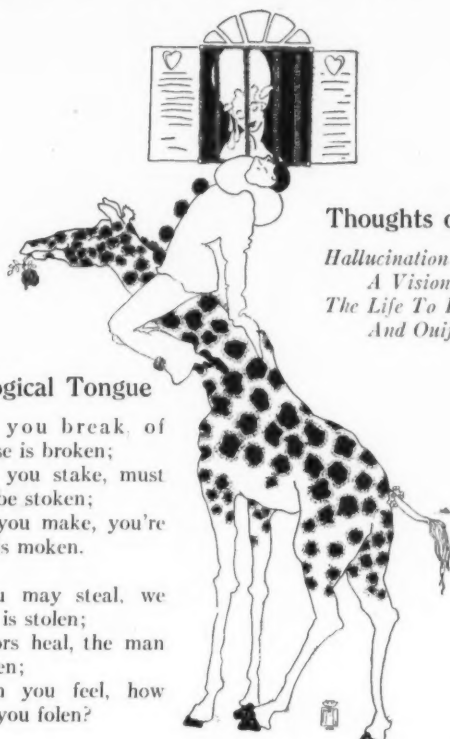
That thou grav'st wrinkles on that face again?



To strike a Lady is the lowest form of wit. But there are times when chivalry severely cramps one's natural style! She promised to remind Him to bring home the new Puck. And now—just as the last motor is safely dodged and home heaves in sight—he finds her False. She has forgotten Puck! How can he ever trust her with less serious matters? Put not your trust in women! Tell your news-dealer yourself to be sure to save your copy of Puck each month.

PUCK

After Another



Thoughts on the Occult

*Hallucination is vexation,
A Vision is as bad;
The Life To Be doth puzzle me,
And Ouija drives me mad!*

Our Logical Tongue

The dish you break, of course is broken;
The coin you stake, must then be stoken;
The call you make, you're glad is moken.

What you may steal, we know is stolen;
The doctors heal, the man is hoken;
And when you feel, how have you foken?

In camouflaging his personality against the background of democracy, the young Prince of Wales has shown himself a whale of a prince.

With Malice Aforethought

CLIFFORD had a drum for a birthday present and his attentions to it were constant.

"Do you suppose," asked his mother of the father, "that Clifford disturbs the neighbors with his drum?"

"I'm afraid there's no doubt of it," replied the father; "the man next door gave him a fine new knife today, and suggested that he cut open the drum and spend the money that is inside."

And, by the way, the Food Administrator is the only man in America known simply as "Mr. So-and-so." Unless, of course, we include Mr. Dooley.

MR. POLLOCK and his wife were having a little quarrel over some simple matter.

"Well," said the snappy young wife, "to be perfectly frank with you, Joe, if you were to die I should certainly marry again."

"I have no objection to that," replied the harassed husband. "I'm not going to worry about the troubles of a fellow I shall never know."

POWDER MANUFACTURER: Imagine Old Bill, of all people, going into the gunpowder shed with a lighted cigar. I should have thought that would be the last thing he'd do.

FOREMAN: Well, sir, properly speaking, it was, sir.

A Hot Shot

THE secretary of a bar association on the Coast was very busy and very cross one afternoon, when his telephone bell rang.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped. "Is this the City Gas Works?" asked a woman's soft voice.

"No, madam," roared the secretary. "This is the Bar Association of the City of San Francisco."

"Ah," came from the lady's end in the sweetest of tones, "I didn't miss it so far, after all, did I?"

Touching upon frenzied stepping, a dancing master in Madison, Wis., advertises, "Learn to dance before you go over there." Our usual odds of eight to five that the "Hesitation" will be omitted.

A Neat Idea

"I have thought of introducing a sort of profit-sharing scheme in my business."

"What is it?" "If a clerk is with me for five years I would allow him, in addition to his salary, one per cent of the liabilities."

"He is quite well-to-do, isn't he?" "On the contrary, he is quite hard to do."

Reason Enough

ONE morning Mr. Johnson was heard talking to himself while making his morning toilette, in a manner that denoted much perturbation.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Johnson, "what's provoked Father now?"

"Oh, it's nothing much, Mother," answered little William. "I just put a tube of sister's oil paints in place of his tube of tooth paste."



Holding Up the Nation's Defense

The telephone played a tremendous part in this Nation's mobilization for war. It continues vital to the Government's program.

At the same time it has remained at the service of the whole people whose demands upon it grow apace with that of the Government.

The public is entitled to the best service that it is possible to render. But the public has a partnership in the responsibility for good telephone service.

It takes three to make any telephone connection: the person calling, the company, and the person called. Without the co-operation of all three the service suffers.

The telephone company can make the connection, but

no words can be heard at one end of the line which are not properly spoken into the transmitter at the other. The relation between the speaker and the hearer is the same as the relation between the orator and his audience. It cannot be maintained if the orator turns his back to the listeners or if the audience is inattentive.

Telephone traffic must be kept moving. Speak distinctly—answer promptly—and release the line as quickly as possible. Don't continue reading when the bell rings.

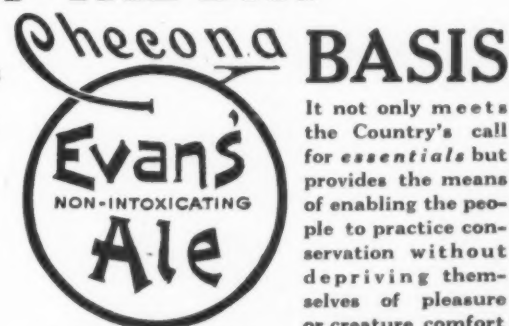
These seem little things to ask the individual telephone subscriber, but when the individual is multiplied by millions all over this country, it is easy to see how important it is that all should co-operate.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy One System Universal Service

MANPOWER IS THE CALL OF THE DAY

A good means
of insuring it
is for the
nation to go
on a



It not only meets the Country's call for essentials but provides the means of enabling the people to practice conservation without depriving themselves of pleasure or creature comfort

No Government license required
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CREATOR OF

Lady Mary



Cream
50¢



Talc 55¢
Face Powder
50¢



Toilet Water
51.50

SEND 15 cents to
Vivaudou (Dept.
25, Times Bldg., New
York, or if you live in
Canada, to Vivaudou,
344 St. Paul St., West,
Montreal) for a gen-
erous sample of Lady
Mary Extract.



Lower Forms of Animal Life

The cowed male object one sometimes sees going reverently around a department store with his hat off.

The Evolution of a Soldier's Equipment

Arrival in France:

One Kit-bag.
(full of kit).
One Brush, Boot (new). }
One Brush, Clothes (new). }

Three Pairs of Socks.

One Money-belt.
One Wrist-watch
(going).
One Cake of Perfumed Soap.
(A gift.)
One Clean Neck.

Two Months in France:

One Kit-bag
(full of souvenirs).
Two Boot Brushes.
Two and onehalf
Pairs of Socks.
One Hold-all.

One Belt.
One Wrist-watch
(still going).
One Half-cake of Perfumed Soap.
(A nuisance.)
One Neck.

After One Year's Service:

One Sand-bag
(full of someone else's kit).
Two Dug-out Brooms.
One Pair of Socks.
One Hold-all.
One Purse.
One Door-catch.
One Towel.
One Razor-strop.
One Wrist-watch
(gone).
One Half-cake of Perfumed Soap.
(A relic.)
SOME Neck.

Unfair Competition

FROM a pier a couple of Irishmen were fishing one afternoon. McIntyre wagered McGuire the sum of five dollars that he would catch the first fish; and the two continued earnestly to fish until late in the day.

It was a warm afternoon, and McGuire, overcome by drowsiness, fell into the water, which accident aroused McIntyre, who had also been dozing.

Whereupon he jumped to his feet and called down to McGuire:

"See here, Mike; if you're goin' to dive after him, the bet's off!"

A burnt child dreads the fire; and no man ever monkeys twice with the same buzz-saw. Likewise, we believe, the next time an Arch Duke of Austria is assassinated, the civilized world will look the other way.

When the Sleeper Wakes

A CLEVELAND man was suddenly awakened one morning, about 2:00 a. m., by a jab in his ribs.

"Henry," demanded his wife, as she gave him another jab. "Did you lock the kitchen door?"

Whereupon, Henry, who is "inner guard" at the lodge, and who just then was dreaming of the last night's meeting, made the proper sign and responded:

"Worthy Ruler, our portals are guarded."

In telling the story, the wife added: "Henry hit the title right, even if he was asleep."

MRS. BENHAM—Is my hat on straight?

BENHAM—Not if your face is.

Located at Last

A NEW YORK commercial traveler, on leaving a certain hotel in the Southwest, said to the proprietor:

"Pardon me, sir, but with what material do you stuff the beds in your establishment?"

"Why," said the landlord, proudly, "with the best straw to be found in the whole country!"

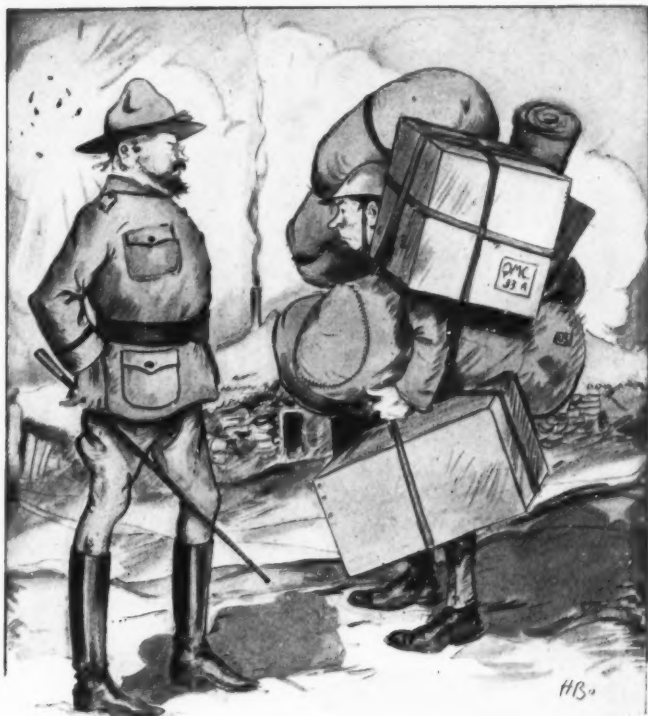
"That," returned the drummer, "is very interesting. I now know whence the straw came that broke the camel's back."

1 war correspondent makes one book.

1 book makes one lecture.

1 lecture makes one photo-play.

1 photo-play makes one bank-roll.



SERGEANT—Do you know anything about setting-up exercises?
RECRUIT—Do I? Why, back at dear old Oshkosh most of my allowance went that way!

Tales of the Town

(Continued from page 21)

Schmule laughed and tried to encourage the tailor to talk about Harry, but Mirman's burst of conversation had come to an end. He merely sat there and grumbled incoherently.

"When they're young," said Schmule, "they do things like that. I used to be wild, myself, when I was his age. I did a lot of things I am sorry for now, but I guess it's too late. Anyway he's a fine boy even if he has a dislike for me. But I guess everything will be all right." Mirman made no comment. Presently Hyman bustled into the place again.

"Did my suit come?" he demanded. Hyman descended from his table and called the presser on the telephone.

"Where is that gray checked suit?" he asked.

"Which suit?" asked the presser. Mirman hung up the receiver and turned to Hyman.

"He's had a strike in his shop, he says, but he sent for new workmen and the suit will be rushed right over here."

"It had better come soon," said Hyman, looking at his watch. "I'm going to get married at five o'clock." Mirman, being a man of few words, said nothing while Schmule only smiled. Hyman departed saying he would return at the end of an hour. Then the telephone rang and Schmule, with wonderful alacrity for his years, answered it.

"Sure!" he cried. "I will come right down." And, without a word to Mirman, he hastened out of the shop. In the meantime a young man and a

young woman stood before a weary-looking Alderman in the City Hall and listened to the questions and made the responses that joined them together for weal and woe. And when they had received the documentary evidence of their union they went out upon the broad steps of the building.

"Come on," said the young man. "What are you waiting for?"

"Please do something for me, Harry," said the young woman. "I've got a friend coming here to meet us—someone I want you to know. And please don't ask any questions." Harry, being in the mood to jump into a volcano at her request, merely smiled and fanned himself with his hat.

"Gosh," he exclaimed, "there's one person I know who won't be coming down here. Sam'll be madder than blazes." The girl frowned.

"It will serve him right," she said. "I told him I didn't care for him and he thought my father could arrange everything for him. I always did everything my father asked me to but when it comes to marrying I think I ought to be consulted about it."

"I know I consulted you long enough," said Harry, laughing. "But you always kept me guessing."

"Don't be a goose," said she. "You know perfectly well I never cared for anyone but you in my life." Some Commissioner of something or other, on his way to the innermost sanctum of the City Hall, stared and gasped and then grinned at the spectacle of a young man throwing his arms around

(Concluded on page 33)



WHETHER you are at the club, summer resort, or in society, you will have the deep satisfaction of knowing that your hair is clean, fluffy, brilliant—at its best—if you use

CANTHROX SHAMPOO

The natural beauty and fluffiness of the hair is brought out to its best advantage when you use Canthrox, the daintily perfumed scalp-stimulating hair cleanser which has been the favorite for years, because it immediately removes from the hair all dirt and excess oil, and in addition to its cleaning properties is known to have a beneficial effect upon both hair and scalp. If troubled with dandruff, the first shampoo removes most of it, and after each succeeding shampoo you find the flakes smaller and fewer until they disappear.

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It costs about three cents per shampoo. No good hair wash costs less and none is more easily used. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water, thus making enough shampoo liquid to saturate all your hair instead of merely the top of the head, as is ordinarily the case. Then rinse, and you have an absolutely clean head of hair.

Free Trial Offer

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STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

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GET RID OF THE CAUSE

There are hundreds of nostrums on the market that give relief, but every one of them make the condition worse and fasten the deadly fangs of disease more deeply into your vitals. All cathartics, pills, teas, drugs and dope overstimulate, causing reaction which further weakens the muscles of the bowels. Piles, appendicitis and bowel troubles are due to constipation and the dope taken for its relief. There is just one way to get rid of constipation, REMOVE THE CAUSE.

STRONGFORTISM WILL SAVE YOU

Strongfortism is Nature's way. Nature is the only Healing Force known. Give Nature a chance. No drugs or dope in Nature nor in Strongfortism. No rigorous, iron-clad, muscle-tiring program of tedious exercises; just Nature's secrets as I learned them for myself and have taught them to thousands of despondent sufferers. I have put the fire and spirit of youth, the glow of new-born enthusiasm into the hearts of thousands who had well nigh given up hope. I have made them young in masterful strength, vigorous, vibrant, powerful.

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THE YOUNG THING—Oh, Captain, I think you've picked out the most original uniform.

A Chaperoned Interview with Marilynn Miller

(Concluded from page 15)

later on, but I shan't. Really, I shan't."

That was the longest speech little Marilynn made, and I was glad to welcome it. And the little girl seemed quite in earnest, as though she had thought it over very carefully.

"You must have met a lot of dukes and things abroad," I suggested blandly, quite abandoning any idea I might have had that Marilynn would butt into the conversation, unasked.

"I wouldn't have them in my house," retorted mommer. "Oh, we met all sorts of titled people, but what do they amount to? The only one I really liked was Prince Paul of Serbia. He was a very nice man. But I don't want Marilynn to marry any title."

I looked at the little girl, and hoped she was going to say something revolutionary, but—not at all! She smiled as radiantly as ever. Finally I said to her: "Isn't it awfully hard work smiling all the time that you do those athletic dances?"

"No," she replied, "because I like dancing—I really do."

"And do you practise much?" I queried gently, but firmly.

"Every day I practise one hour," she answered. "You see I have to do it, otherwise all my joints would become stiff."

"I want to show you a picture of Baby, at the time—I think we said

it was in August, 1903—I discovered her toe-dancing," went on mommer.

"I am sure you will be interested."

Again we plunged into the book of press clippings, and found ensconced there a picture, clipped from an illustrated paper, of Marilynn at the tender age of three. She was a cunning kid, in her fluffy clothes, and I was interested. Then mommer, vaudevillianly, thought I might like to see the names of those who played on the bill with

them. Mommer had another think coming, as play bills bore me. Once in London they were on the same programme as Harry Lauder at the time when that opulent person was drawing something like twenty dollars per week.

We chatted a great deal about the "perfesh" and I learned many things that I had never guessed at before. Occasionally, Marilynn's smile emerged as a laugh, but she never volunteered any information. The poor kid couldn't, with mommer and popper before her very eyes! I began to feel that she really wanted to slip away with a glass of soda and a copy of PUCK. I asked her age right out, and was told that she was eighteen, and certainly that is young enough for all purposes. In herself, she seemed young for eighteen! It is so seldom in these times of abashed parents, that one finds a young girl overawed by her progenitors! In fact, the whole occasion was novel to me. I have never sampled a popper before—only mommer, and an occasional dog.

Then I was shown a portrait of the Five Columbias—mommer, popper, the two married girls, and Marilynn. It was neatly framed. The Five Columbias were all smiling beatifically, to say nothing of vaudevillianly, and of course I said—what else could I say?—that it was awfully cute. Ordinarily I dislike being shown family portraits, as I so often say the wrong thing. I made a dreadful *faux pas* on one occasion when, viewing the picture of a woman, displayed for me by a young man, I asked, "Who is that awful person?" and he replied, "Oh, that is my wife." The Five Columbias, however, really made quite a striking group. Still, I was pleased that two of them were lacking from my interview.

It was really quite a family party, and it made me feel something of an intruder. Still, I should have enjoyed myself much more if mommer had only baked a pie! She should have baked a pie! And popper should have stayed with her, to see if the oven was "tight." That is the duty of parents on occasions like these.



"I want five cents' worth of mixed nuts, and you might as well throw in a couple of those cocoanuts while you're about it."



THE MEDIUM—Silence! Your wife is speaking.
THE VICTIM—Yep. That's her.

Tales of the Town

(Concluded from page 31)

the neck of a young woman and kissing her. And then, all of a sudden, Harry stood tense and rebellious. Up the steps of the City Hall came his uncle. Schmule paid no attention to him, but advanced straight toward the girl. Harry turned to look at her and was amazed to behold tears gathering in her eyes. She held out both her hands to the old man. Then she turned to her husband.

"He's an old man, Harry," she said. "He's sorry and—and he's lonesome." She took Schmule's hand in one of hers and Harry's in the other and, as she joined them, she said,

"I'll love you more if you do!" And then, suddenly, recognized in the old man's face some lineaments, some expression that reminded him of his mother. And, without analyzing his sensations—even without knowing what he was doing—he threw his arm around the old man's neck. In the briefest fraction of a second all the years of rancor and resentment were wiped from his memory.

"Hello, Uncle!" he said. And then, in view of every other commissioner who might have been around and of all the clerks and messenger boys and policemen and business men and loafers and all the variegated pedestrians that made up the panorama of traffic across the esplanade of the City Hall the girl threw her arms around her husband and kissed him fervently. Then,

"Listen, Harry," cried Schmule, excitedly. "You got to take your clothes off!" They both stared at him in amazement.

"A man comes to the shop every hour," explained the old man, "and asks for his suit. Mr. Mirman says you got it on." Then Harry burst out laughing.

"Oh, Lord! I forgot all about it," he cried. "I've got to get home and get into my own clothes. Who is he? What's his name?"

Schmule described the owner of the clothes and Harry burst into a roar of laughter.

"Sam Hyman's! Oh, what a joke!"

he exclaimed. "I took the first suit that I saw that fitted me. His own suit for his own wedding!" Even Schmule had to join him in laughter, but the girl was shocked.

"I don't think it's a bit nice to take another man's clothes to get married in," she said. "The sooner you take them off, the better."

"I couldn't do it here very well," said Harry, grinning. "Let's go up to my place."

"Never mind, missus," said Schmule. "He can have all the clothes he wants." Harry instantly became serious.

"Look here, Uncle," he said. "You and I are going to be friends, but just so you'll know it isn't on account of your money I give you my word I'll never take a penny from you." It was now Schmule's turn to grin.

"Who said you'd ever get anything?" he asked. "I made up my mind long ago that if I ever left any money it would all go to my grand-nephews and nieces." And the girl turned very red.

They went to Harry's apartments, where the young man dressed himself in his own clothes. It was half-past four when Schmule entered the tailor's shop. Hyman was waiting in a ferment of impatience.

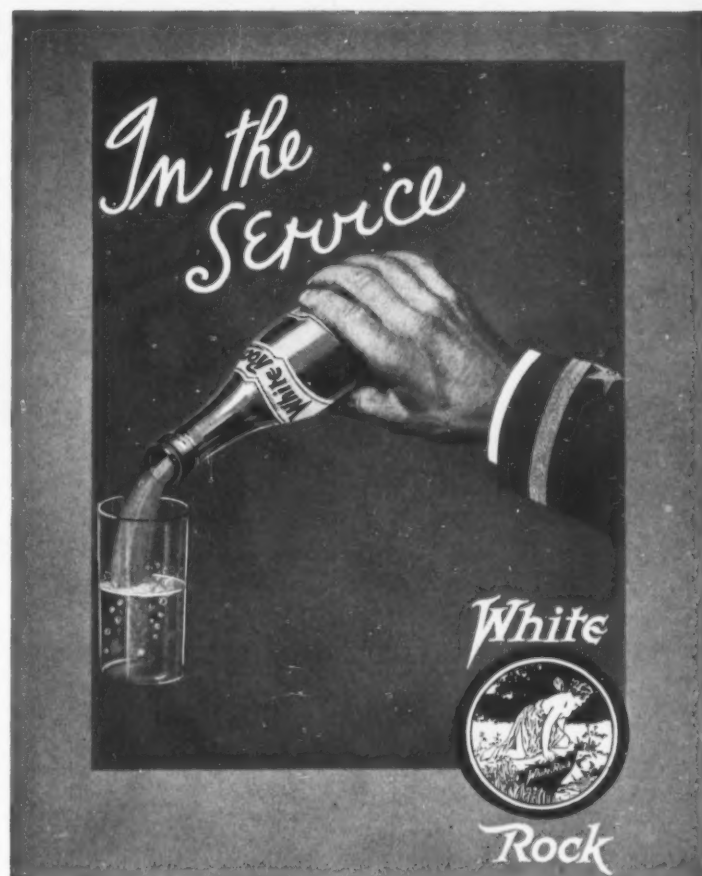
"Here is the suit," said Schmule. "The man said he couldn't get anyone to press it." Hyman seized the suit, examined the creases in it and dashed it to the floor.

"I refuse to take it," he cried. "You'll have to sell it to someone else because you'll never get a cent out of me for it." And he stalked out of the place. Schmule sank into a chair and wiped his forehead. Then he turned, with a grin, to Mirman, who had not said a word.

"Maybe you'd like to know that that bum workman of yours got married an hour ago in them clothes." Mirman was a man of few words.

He did not look at Schmule, but sat stitching away for several minutes. Then,

"Workman? He's my partner!" said he.



DID you ever hear about **Puck's Shopping Service?** Every up-to-date magazine is equipped with something of the sort, and Puck is nothing if not up-to-date. But—send no money! Little Lizzie Lightfoot, who knows the shops of 5th Avenue as you know your own home (better, perhaps!), reports that she can find nothing in the shops to compare with Puck itself. Her advice costs you nothing. Tell your newsdealer to save your copy of **Puck** for you each month.



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HYPHENATE—Ach! Vot a chance for some gallant air-raiders to distinguish themselves.

"A statistician has figured out that 82 out of every 100 Americans die penniless."
"Is it as low as that?"

MADGE—Do you think he contemplates matrimony?
MARJORIE—So he says, but he's altogether too contemplative for me.

PATER—Now, Charlie, let us make out a list of your debts.
FILS—Just a moment, dad, till I have refilled this fountain-pen.

The Padded Cell

(Continued from page 25)

call the Yogi deep breathing. Every morning when I get up I stand in front of the open window and breathe in deep for twenty minutes. It's a wonderful thing to keep you strong and well. The only time I been sick in the whole past six months was once, with pneumonia.

PINTO (to Cooper)—... I'm studyin' Esperanto ...

SCHWARTZ (to Jones)—... I tell you this here white slavery is getting to be somethin' terrible. They say in New York City it is absolutely dangerous for a woman to be out alone on Broadway after six o'clock at night. Thousands of Italians ...

JONES (interrupting)—That's true, friend. And they say in Chicago it's just as bad. In the Loop every night hundreds of our pure American girls are decoyed to lives of shame.

BARKHOUSE (who has been in conversation with Cooper)—... Montague Love in "The Boundless Deceiver" ... immense ...

COOPER—... Helen Holmes in "The Mystery of the Fast Mail" ... exquisite ...

OMNES (in a conversation now general, with each attempting to outshout the others)—... Bryan ... great mind ... ukulele music ... beautiful "New Republic" ... fine, intelligent ... Dr. Frank Crane ...

great philosopher ... tarantula ... never crawls over rope ... thirteen ... unlucky number ... never open umbrella in house ... bad luck ... I had an experience that'd make a wonderful play ... bad weather due to explosion of so much gunpowder in air in Europe ... Henry Ford ... next president ... pull the top lid down over the lower lid, Pinto, and let it fly back sudden—that'll get it out sure ... baseball on Sunday ... immoral ... Mann Act ... protects the American home ... tickle your Adams apple with the tip o' your finger, Cooper, that oughta stop it positively ... piece of newspaper in each shoe'll keep the feet warm in the coldest weather ... if you find a hairpin on the sidewalk, sure sign you're going to meet your best girl ... try pressing first one nostril and then the other, Schwartz; it'll stop it absolutely ... Belasco ... wizard ... prize-fighter with the intelligence always wins ... expensive cigar always stronger than cheap cigar ... parsley'll remove onion breath ... Rasputin started the war ...

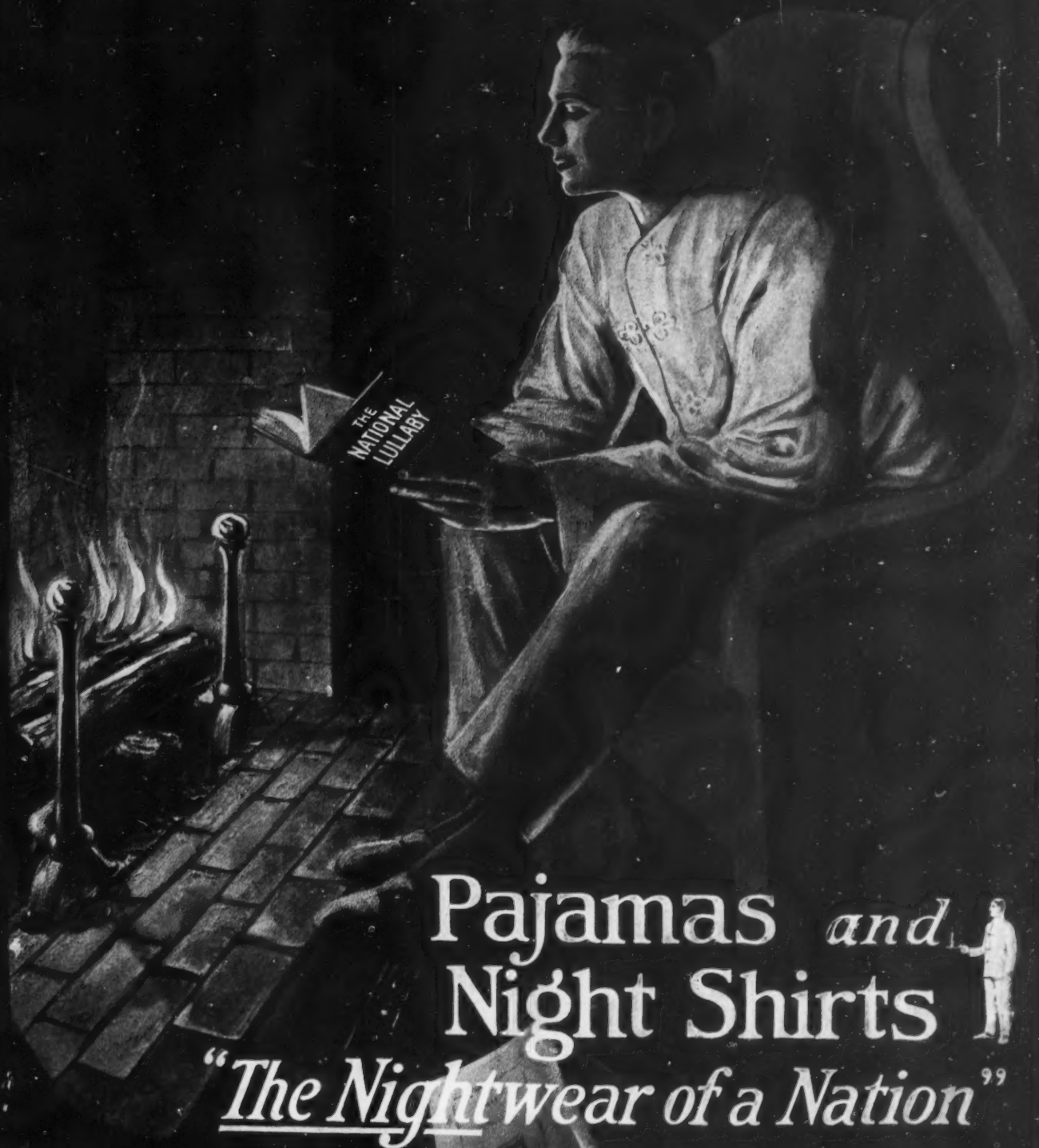
("Gradually, during this discourse, the low rumble, as of distant thunder, dies away. Slowly, the scene gets lighter and lighter. Faintly at first, the audience is able to discern SCHWARTZ,

seated in a leather chair, his green plush Alpine hat and a copy of Harold Bell Wright's latest novel in his lap, a huge ebony walking-stick with a handle shaped like a pair of antlers resting against his knee, a large gold dog with imitation ruby eyes in his necktie and the end of a purple silk handkerchief sticking out of his breast-pocket. Also, **PINTO**, seated in a similar chair, smoking a cigarette in a meerschaum holder fashioned to represent a human skull. Also **JONES** and **BARKHOUSE**, seated on a leather seat against the side wall, the former in a pink sport shirt and pearl gray derby with a copy of "Sizzly Stories" in his hand; the latter in a taffy-colored coat embellished with numerous belts, a lapel containing an artificial rosebud, and smoking one of those stogies that are shaped in pretzel-like curves. Both **JONES** and **BARKHOUSE** have on white socks with low black shoes, while **PINTO** has on green silk socks with low white shoes.)

GEORGE (the negro porter, as the train speeds out of the long tunnel)—You gentl'mens had better get ba t' youah seats in th' Pullman I recommend, 'caze this smokin' car detached at Rochester, t' naixt stop.
CURTAIN.

Faultless

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OVER THERE
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TO WIN
"Over There"



4 MINUTE
MEN

A MESSAGE
FROM
WASHINGTON

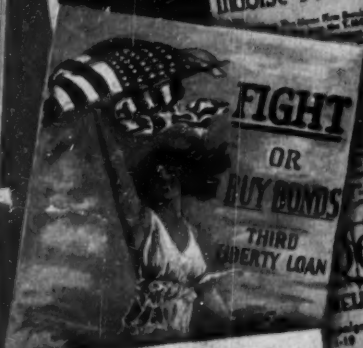


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Joan of Arc Saved France

WOMEN OF AMERICA



FIGHT
OR
BUY BONDS
THIRD LIBERTY LOAN



KEEP IT COMING
"We must not only
feed our Soldiers
at the front but
at the millions of
the men & children
and our lines"



Be Patriotic
sign your country
pledge



OVER THE TOP
FOR YOU

THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

save

- 1-wheat
use more corn
- 2-meat
use more fish & beans
- 3-fats
use just enough
- 4-sugar
use syrups



KEEP IT COMING
"We must not only
feed our Soldiers
at the front but
at the millions of
the men & children
and our lines"



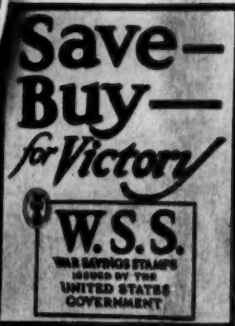
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